E. F. Beadle, William Adams, Publishers. David Adams, Vol. III.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00 One copy, one year . . 3.00 Two copies, one year . 5.00

No. 156.

#### GOLDEN.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON. Oh, young and fair!
Oh, sweet and rare!
The sun went past the hedges,
And rested on the horizon dim,
And touched with gold its edges.

Through purple bars
The light of stars
Came down—the sunset over—
And softened with their mellow rays
The fields of new-mown clover.

On toward the lane
The loaded wain
Came creaking through the meadow;
Now touched with light—and then again
One-half concealed by shadow.

Along the hill
The night-bird's trill
Came laden down with sweetness,
The tints of gray across the sky
Made up the scene's completeness.

Just by the hedge, Across whose edge Her hair hung burnished golden, maiden listened to her swain Repeat the story olden.

The old, old tale:
The serpent's trail
Can never, never cover:
ince Mother Eve came on this earth
Each maid has had her lover. And so they stood, While over wood And vale the night-shades darkened; nd as the midnight grew apace, The angels paused and hearkened.

Oh, heart of youth! Oh, heart of truth! Taking love's all—and giving: With your untaught philosophy Pointing the truth o living.

The warp and woof Of life, forsooth ome dark threads twine in weaving; e hand that guides the shuttle's cours day test your soul's believing.

But when life's page
Marks for you—age,
astiver threads with golden
I other lives beside the hedge
hall tell the story olden.

# The Beautiful Forger:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GIRL. BY MRS, E. F. ELLETT,

AUTHOR OF "MADELEINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV. THE DISSOLVING REVELATION.

Dr. Merle was convinced by the report of his assistant of the evil intentions of his disguised visitor. But he was puzzled how prevent the intended crime. He could not denounce her to the authorities without proof, and that he could not furnish beyond his own word and conjecture. He could only try to work on her fears by presenting himself in the character which popular su-perstition ascribed to him; that of a magician possessing powers beyond ordinary human knowledge

Anticipating a second visit, he made his assistant, who was a capital draughtsman, prepare a sketch from memory of the scene he had witnessed the preceding night. This was completed in a couple of hours; all but the lady's face. Her strange eyes had so bewildered Ulric that he had not taken careful note of her features. The sick man's face, the bed and table; the toilet, and figure of Louise, and the expression of affright upon her face, were accurately portrayed.

Merle was busy all the morning arrang-

ing his apparatus to produce an illusory

In the afternoon a lady was announced by the housekeeper. Dr. Merle showed her into the study himself. When she re-moved her vail, strange features were dis-

She came, however, from the doctor's visitor of the preceding evening. The vial of medicine, she said, had been accidentally broken, and she had been sent for more.

The doctor asked if the patient had

taken any, and what its effect had been. She believed he had taken some, and it had sent him into a quiet sleep. So her mistress had told her.

Was he asleep at the time of the acci-'I think so, sir."

"Now, look you, my good woman," observed the physician, sternly regarding her; "I know exactly what took place at that time. Take a seat, and I will show

He fastened a sheet across the lower end of the room. "Now, look at the picture that will pre-

sently appear."

He left the study. The two windows were closed from without, making the room perfectly dark.

A pale glimmer, like lamplight, began to appear on the sheet. In a few minutes the entire scene of the previous night was re-

The woman at once recognized the scene; the furniture; the sick man's face; her own figure and that of her mistress. With a shriek, she started up, trembling and terrified. Instantly the picture vanishand the windows were thrown open. Dr. Merle stood beside her.

'You see, madam, you were mistaken," he said, fixing his reproving eyes on her pale face. "The sick man was not asleep.



He threw himself on the ground at the lady's feet, removed his hat, and looked up in her face.

All was just as you have seen it, when the bottle was broken. You can not deceive

The girl's hands were clasped and unclasped in the extremity of terror. "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "I did not mean to

deceive you! But my mistress—"
"Nor can she deceive me, in any thing," said the doctor, emphatically. "Go, now; and tell Mrs. Paul Sloman she must come herself for the medicine. I will give it only

He waved his hand in dismissal

The young woman, still trembling, turned to leave the room. She had hardly reached the entrance, when the front door

was opened for some one. It was a man scarcely yet of middle age, habited as a priest. The garb of a minister of the church was in those days more distinctive and picturesque than now. His eyes met those of the departing visitor for an instant; but Dr. Merle was close behind her, and while a cordial greeting was ex-changed between the two men, the girl, hastily wrapping her cloak about her,

walked rapidly from the house. When she reached a shaded spot among some trees at a little distance, she stopped her almost flight, threw herself on the ground, and covered her face with her

She did not hear the rustling of footsteps, nor see the figure slowly approaching. When she heard her name pronounced ed softly by some one close to her, she started, and looked up. Then she gave a started and spring to her feet.

low shriek, and sprung to her feet.
"You know me?" asked the priest; for it was he who had followed her.
"Antoine!" she gasped.
"Sit down, Louise, on this log. You are

pale and trembling! Are you not glad to

"Oh, Antoine!-" "Father Hamil, you must call me. We are no longer as we were in Provence, five years ago, Louise."

"Five years!" echoed the girl, catching, be at that hour in the lane half a mile from

her breath like a sob. 'And then you and I loved each other, Louise; but poverty separated us. Now all is changed. My home is still a poor one, but I am vowed to the service of the church, and am sent here as a mission-

"How did you know where I-" began the girl, recovering her composure.
"I knew nothing till I saw you at Dr.

"I knew you at once, Antoine."
"You must call me Father Hamil. Tell me now, Louise, what you have done since

we parted

The girl looked down as she replied: "When I lost my home by my aunt's death, I entered the service of a young married lady-Madame Sloman."

'Had she not led a wild life in Paris?" "She was but young when she married; and she came with Mr. Sloman to America."

"Bringing you?"
"Yes; I was her maid. I had not a franc for my own support. I was obliged to enter a service. "You were the daughter of honest par-

ents, Louise, and should have chosen the association of those in good repute. "Madame made me excellent offers, Antoine—I beg pardon—Father Hamil—and her husband is a worthy man." "It is said, Louise, that the house of Madame Sloman is the resort of suspicious

"I do not believe, Father Hamil, that she means to do wrong. She is ambitious, and must have subordinates to work out

her plans."
"Louise, you are a faithful daughter of the church? 'Surely, Father-"

"I wish you to leave this lady's service."
"And starve? Or beg for a living?"
"Neither, my daughter. Where can I see you to-morrow—to-morrow about dusk?" Louise hesitated, and then said she would

Sloman's house.

"I will see you then, and give you counsel," said the priest. "Perhaps I may help you to employment. I shall not rest till you are settled as you ought to be. Good-

y, now."
He spread out his hands, as if in benediction, over the girl's head, without touching her, and then turned back. Louise watched him till he was out of sight, and then went

and unfastened her horse. Toward sunset, next day, Mrs. Paul Sloman again visited Dr. Merle's house, as commanded by the physician. She rode, as was the custom both for men and women; carriages being a luxury afterward introduced into common use; but she was attired as became a lady of condition. She wore a riding habit of dark-green cloth, fitting closely her tall figure of exquisite symmetry. A hat of the same color, made of rich velvet and adorned with a single long plume, rested on her head over a braided mass of raven hair. There was a rich color in her olive cheek, and her magnificent eyes were gloriously bright.

She had laughed to scorn the tale brought her by her frightened attendant. The idea of magic—of a scene produced by supernatural means; of a pretended knowledge by Dr. Merle of the secrets of her house! Such pretenses might terrify a stupid serving-woman, but could not impose upon her! As she rode fearlessly to the doctor's door, she resolved to teach the presuming medi castro his duty, and the danger of impertinent interference with those higher in sta-

tion than himself. Ulric saw her as she alighted, but took pains not to show himself. It was important she should not recognize in the doctor's assistant the spy who had been secreted in her chamber. He hurried in to give Margaret notice, and went to call his master, who had gone to the little hamlet a couple

of miles or so distant. Margaret desired the lady to walk into the parlor, served her with a cup of fresh water, and answered her numerous questions. In a few moments Mrs. Sloman had obtained all the information she desired about the physician's family, his residence in his present home, his probable length of stay, and that he had a daughter. She demanded to see Miss Merle. manded to see Miss Merle.

Margaret informed her young mistress that she was asked for, and in a few minutes Helen came into the parlor.

Mrs. Sloman gave her own name, and said she had called as much to see Miss Merle as her father. She was surprised in her own mind to find a maiden so refined and lovely in so poor a house. She talked with the girl, and found her cultivated as well as beautiful. With all the tact she possessed, she strove to interest Helen in her conversation, and succeeded so well, that by the time Dr. Merle arrived, the two ladies were engaged in as animated a colloquy as if they had been long acquainted with each other.

Dr. Merle's face clouded as he saw how matters stood. He greeted his visitor cold-ly, and desired her to walk into his study, without asking his daughter to accompany

her.
"You must come to see me, dear, very graciously, as she soon," said the lady, graciously, as she pressed Helen's hand. "Take this visit to yourself, and be sure that you return it."

The doctor frowned, and muttered a negative. He showed the lady into his sanc-

tum with ceremonious deference, and requested her to be seated. She commenced by laughingly describing the alarm and confusion of her maid at the scene that had been shown her, and asked if it could be seen by herself. She was curious about natural magic, though she had no belief in diabolical agency. There were demons enough in human form for the Prince of Evil to work out his designs with a meaning smile.

with," she said, with a meaning smile Dr. Merle fully agreed with her. He re-plied that he would show her the scene, but

refused to answer any of her questions.

The lady took her seat as directed; the sheet was put up, and the study darkened.

The scene of the morning was again exhibited. Mrs. Sloman was startled, but she had been prepared for something extraordinary, and had self-control enough not to betray any agitation. She called attention to the fact that her own face was scarcely seen

in the picture. 'That can be remedied," said the doctor, gravely, as the picture faded from view.

"Remain here, if you please, madame, and fix your eyes on this round hole in the Afterward I will cast your horo-

The lady obeyed his directions, and sat silent and motionless, for some time after Dr. Merle had left the study. By means of mirrors and lenses, a reflection of her face had been thrown on a scene in the adjoining apartment, prepared for oil painting. Ulric was busy sketching the face and put-

ting in the coloring. It was complete in a few moments, and was a striking likeness. The doctor returned to his study, and showed the portrait to his voluntary sitter.

This time she was surprised and angry. This is no work of magic," she sa "You have had my portrait taken while I sat there. What is your object? What do you mean by this? I gave you no leave. Bring it in and give it to me!"

'Pardon me; I can not part with it." "What do you mean to do with it?" demanded she, fiercely.

"That depends on circumstances."

"I will not permit you to keep a portrait of me obtained by stratagem." "You cannot help it, madame. Do not vex yourself needlessly. It depends on your own conduct whether any use is ever made of the portrait; any use which you would not like."

"'On my conduct!" This is strange language, sir."
"Would you like me to cast your horo-

scope, now, madame!" asked the doctor.
"Silence!" cried his visitor. "I do not believe in your power to read the future, any more than in your magical pretensions. You may impose on ignorant varlets-not on me! Once more, I command you to bring

that portrait.' "Once more I refuse."

"You dare to defy me?"
"I dare, madame, for you are wholly unmasked. You came to me at first to obtain medicine to work out a foul purpose. penetrated your mystery, and gave you what would have done no harm, had you administered it to him you wished to destroy. By means I shall never explain, I obtained knowledge of what passed after you left my house. I am fully aware of your plans, and intend to defeat them. You are under the observation of those interested to pre-serve the peace and safety of the community, and to interfere when it appears that crime is meditated or committed."

"You are bold, sir," muttered the lady,

growing deathly white as her white teeth gleamed in a strange smile.
"I am bold in the cause of justice and

Be you thankful that you are saved from the commission of further wickedness. Your reputation even now is not free from suspicion. Guard it more carefully in fu-

"You shall repent this. This—and your sending a spy after me!" his visitor muttered; but she made no further remarks. She gathered up her skirt and quitted the

house, without an adieu.

Like a spirit of evil intent on a work of destruction, she sped on her way home

ward. Her handsome face was dark with passion, her lithe form was instinct with the strength born of it. There was determination in her compressed mouth, and a dan-

gerous flash in her eyes.

Dusk had fallen as she reached the lane turning off from the main road by which she was going to her own house. She let her horse moderate his pace, and rode on through the shadows that now fell darkly

across the path.

It was yet light enough to see figures; and as she gained a bit of rising ground, two persons appeared, partly in relief against the sky, partly lost in the shade. One she immediately recognized as that of her attendant, Louise. "Whom could she be talking with." across the path.

The man's figure was close to her; speak ing, it appeared, confidentially. Now the girl clasped both her hands and looked upward, as if making some promise or vow. Then his hands were stretched toward her, as in farewell or benediction, and in a moment he turned away and disappeared.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE WELCOME GUEST. OLIVIA SLOMAN urged her horse forward, and as the distance rapidly lessened between her and the girl's figure, she caught sight of another masculine form advancing toward the girl. It was a tall, large-framed

man, of majestic bearing. A keen pang of jealousy shot through Olivia's soul.

"Victor Ormsley!" she exclaimed. "What can he have to say to her? Does she meet him in secret?"

The conference between the new-comer and Louise had continued but a minute or two ere Olivia had dashed up to them. She gave a merry laugh, as if pleased to have startled them, but did not fail to notice that Louise looked confused and guilty.

The girl caught the look her mistress

flung at her, and hung her head, turning Mrs. Sloman! I am fortunate not to miss you!" cried the gentleman she had called Victor Ormsley, as he came with outstretched hands to greet her. The trans formation on Olivia's face was remarkable She smiled graciously; her eyes sparkled, and she gave the gentleman a jubilant wel

'You were on the way to my house?" she said.

"I have just been there, Mrs. Sloman."
"You are formal, sir."
"Olivia, then—since you permit me to call you so. I have called to say good-by, perhaps for a few weeks."
"Good-by! Why, where are you go-

ing?"
"I have to go East on some business, and may not return in a month or two, though I may in a few days. I am very glad to see you; I would not have missed you for a great deal. I have seen Paul, and I hope

he is beginning to grow better."

"You may go on to the house, Louise," said the lady; "and, stay, take my horse; I will walk the rest of the way."

She leaped from the horse and gave the bridle to the girl will walk to the rest of the way."

bridle to the girl, with another searching look. Louise took the bridle and went on, leading the animal.

"You had not been long speaking with her?" she asked of the gentleman, when the girl was out of sight.
"Only a moment," he answered.

"Then who was it in such earnest conversation with her before I came up?"
"I do not know. I did not see any one."

"No—he had left her. He went when he heard you coming. It is strange; she does not know any one in this part of the

Perhaps she has a 'follower!' " suggested the gentleman, with a smile 'No-she has no lovers; I would not

You should extend to her the same in dulgence, Olivia, that you required when—"
"No, I have seen the folly of such doings. And one never knows with whom one is acquainted, in this lawless region." True; you are right to be cautious

"I have no confidence in any one, Victor, but yourself." And in Paul," he added, musingly "Oh, Paul can do nothing; he is ill al-yays. I have to nurse him and take care of him, and he can not take care of me. trust only in you, Victor." She put her

arm within his, as they walked along slowly toward the house You do me honor. I am sorry I can do 'But you have done a great deal. What we have done without your help;

your advances on the mortgages; you have been so generous. We might have starved

Not a word more! It would be very strange if I should not help Paul a little. We have long been such friends.' "And me—do you not care for me, too a little?" pleaded the lady, insinuatingly

slightly pressing the arm she held, and lo ing up into his face with appealing earnest-"Certainly; you and Paul both! You know that, Olivia."

Her manner suddenly changed.

I have a favor to ask of you, Victor," "What is it? You may be sure of any thing I can do."

"Let me have the keys of your large warehouse by the river, while you are

gone."
"I will. I have them in my saddle-bags in your stable."
"And let no one else come near the place but myself, while I have them, without

first coming to me.' You shall have full sway. You may sell all the grain and iron stored there, if

"I shall do nothing of the kind. But if I want to keep any thing securely myself, the place will be convenient. Are the doors and windows safe?"

"Every window is barred heavily with iron, and the doors are massive and secured by strong bolts. You may defy burglars no one can get in."

'Or get out, either ?" asked Mrs. Sloman. "Or get out, once inside. The place was a prison in former years; and it has dusty corridors and cells where an army of war captives might be stowed away." Who has charge of the building?"

"Old Larry Sterne, the fisherman who lives in the cabin a short distance down the river. He keeps the keys, as a rule, and he always sees to the packing of stores when they come up.' 'There is a wharf near, where the boats

'Close to the walls. But I do not expect any more boat-loads at present. You must use all the produce you want-and don't be afraid of waste."
"How kind you are," she whispered, and again the light pressure on his arm.

'I only wish Paul could go with me,' he answered.

They had reached the house, and the lady urged her companion to come in. Supper would soon be ready. She showed him into a parlor, handsomely furnished for the time and locality; well-furnished, indeed, for a more civilized region. There were a piano and guitar, books, music and a few small paintings; there were sofas and lounges; and the carpet was of new and rich pattern. The man-servant had come in from the stable, and he lighted a lamp on a table in the center of the room. Mr. Ormsley took a chair, and looked over some old newspapers, while the lady of the house went to change her riding-dress.

She came in, wearing a fine merino of rich brown color, with white collar and cuffs. Her hair lay in heavy braids coiled around her hear lay it hout or more only a second of the large way that the collar and cuffs.

around her head, without ornament. Only a brooch of fine-wrought gold incasing a sin-gle blood-red ruby, fastened the white linen at her throat, and two or three brilliants sparkled on her small white fingers. Her style of dress was subdued; yet nothing could hide the coquettish grace with which she wore it, nor the dark beauty of her face. It was a singular face, full of impetuous expression one moment, impassive and impenetrable the next; it seemed as if an invisible mask were drawn over it at will There was the luxuriance of a tropical flower in the splendor of her complexion, the vivid contrast of her abundant raven hair, and the paleness of her broad, low forehead. The large black eyes, under straight, thick eyebrows, and shaded by lashes long enough to touch her cheek, looked like springs suddenly revealed under clustering bushes; and they were as un-fathomable as those springs shadowed by

midnight.
She had glided stealthily into the room, and stood close by Mr. Ormsley, as he was looking over the papers attentively. A glance at him will not be amiss, as he is of some importance to our story.

A tall and stalwart form, a dress of rich material, made in the style then peculiar to gentlemen of the better class, and massive features cast in a grand and noble mold, gave him an air of distinction. He evidenty did not belong to this section of country His complexion was browned by travel and exposure; his hair was grizzled, but he did not seem more than forty years of age. His face bore the deep lines of care or trouble, and it was easy to see that some painful recollection at nearly all times weighed on

"How is Paul, now?" he asked, without looking up, as he heard the rustle of Olivia's

dress.
"He is better; he will see you again presently; after supper," was her answer. "But, Victor, I want to ask you something. Is David Ormsley—your brother—still living at your rancho—the hacienda?" Yes-of course; he and his family."

"They will remain there all winter?" "I hope so; I should be sorry to find them gone. The property is not mine; he purchased it to live here. He has landed interests to keep him."
."And you—to whom the other land be-

"Only part of it; and David holds the rest for me. I am a waif, Olivia; I come and go like the wandering wind. The same

chance or hope that brought me here, may send me any day to the opposite side of the When will you learn to give up vision-

ary schemes "When I have lost strength, means, or the hope of opportunity to make amends You have no clew-vet?"

"None. I only know how deeply sinned; and that no reparation is possible! I deserve all I have suffered! Olivia, pray that you may be called to bear cru ne rather than remorse and self-re-

You are too tender of conscience.' "Paul, your husband, first opened my eyes; and for that I owe him everlasting 'But he told you nothing! He knew thing!" cried Olivia, recoiling a step,

with her white lips strangely distorted.
"He was rational; I was mad! My best, truest friend! A life's devotion could not

repay him!"
"Too sentimental!" muttered the lady. in a low, sneering tone. Ormsley looked at her quickly.

She hastened to apologize; and added:
"Was it the part of a friend to inflict torture upon you?"
She put her hand on the back of his chair,

and leaned over him tenderly.
"The torture was merited. My want of faith made me a victim. I have but to bear the fate I drew on myself."
"Drew on yourself?" echoed the clear

voice, incredulously.
"Why speak so? What do you dare to exclaimed Ormsley, turning upon her, his brow contracted with a frown,

his eves flashing. Olivia saw she had offended him. "Oh, Victor, pray, pray forgive me! I am so confused— How long is it since my husband undeceived you, as you said?"

'Twelve years."
'Six years before he married me.' "He had kept the letter two years before he had an opportunity of showing it to me."
"And after he convinced you, you set

"To do what I could in reparation! I have not succeeded; yet, I do not abandon the hope of success."

And that brought you to California?" "In part only. I came on my brother's account. It was well I had some one to care for, or I should have gone mad.'

'And some one to lavish your money "I have done little for David, for he had a competence."
"To have some one to care for! Victor,

have you never cared for me? She stooped lower, and her hand rested, not on the chair, but on his shoulder. Did he feel that there was danger in the close neighborhood of those magnetic eyes, now filled with softness, and seeking his own?

He rose, apologized for being seated while she stood, and drew forward an easy-chair "Care for you and Paul? Surely, Olivia," he cried, cheerily. "You know that I do. Did not his advice bring me

And since we came-since Paul fell ill," she said, in a low, gentle tone, "you have been so kind to us!"

"Olivia, have I not begged you never to speak of kindness from me?

"But I must remember it!" she said, earnestly. "Victor, grant me one favor."
"Certainly; what is it?"
"I have enemies here; I have always had enemies. I have made an unscrupulous one within two hower wide." within two hours' ride."

'Who is it?"

"I will not tell you his name; but he is my bitter foe. Promise me not to be prejudiced against me by any stories that may be brought to you. "How can you think I would be?"
"Men are always ready to take away a woman's good name! Remember how it

was about—"
"No need to remind me of that!" cried Ormsley, while a spasm of sharp pain convulsed his features.

'Be forbearing with me! Oh, Victorshould people-should any one-try to blacken my name-' "I assure you, Olivia, I will listen to no

tales against you!' "I could not live if you thought evil of e! And, Victor—dear Victor—I implore you—give me another promise. I wronged you once; you would hate me if you knew what I did! Say that you will forgive me, if you ever find it out!

Her words gushed forth with passionate force; she flung herself on her knees before him; she clasped his hand in both her own, which were cold as ice itself.

"You speak riddles, Olivia!" he exclaim-

ed, in astonishment. "How did you ever do me wrong?" "I did; but may I die the moment you discover it! Promise me your pardon, Victor. It is the secret of my life! Promise

me your full pardon!"

It was in abject supplication that her eyes were raised to his. He lifted her from the floor, and placed her in the seat.

"It can not have been great harm," he said, in a light tone, "since I know nothing of it. Be at ease; you shall have full for-giveness. Do not weep! See, here is Gil-bert to say supper is ready. Then I will go to Paul's room

Olivia's attachment to this man had been the cord that held her back from perdition. Could it draw her into the sunlight of virtue? - We shall see.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE BANDIT LOVER. VICTOR ORMSLEY rode away from the house of his friend, Paul Sloman, believing his wife to be a true-hearted woman. He could not see beneath the smiling surface, and discover the scheming wickedness hid-

den under so fair an exterior. "Now, come to me, Louise," the lady called, to her maid, as soon as she heard her guest's horse galloping away. "Sit down here, and tell me who it was you were talking with in the lane, just before

he came up."
"Indeed, madame—" "No shirking or shuffling! A man was speaking to you. I saw you both distinctly. He seemed to be saying something par-The girl's face was averted.

"It was Father Hamil," she said.
"The Catholic priest of the rancheria?" "I believe so, madame. "I did not know you were acquainted with him, or with any other priest."

"I did not know he was one, before I met him by chance in that house, where you sent me for the medicine yesterday.' Dr. Merle's ?" Yes, madame."

"You saw him there for the first time? How came you to be so intimate, when I saw you together this evening? Tell me the truth, Louise. I will, Mrs. Sloman, for the truth is

best," answered the girl, speaking with more courage. "I knew Autoine Hamil many years ago in Provence. "Yes; it was before he was a priest. He was only a poor farmer's son.

And he courted you, Louise?" "How quick you are to read things, madame!" 'It was so, then?"

"Yes, madame; we were attached to each "What parted you?"
"We were both so very poor. His father sent him away; and I did not see him

Then he became a priest?" "He was sent to study for one; and when he was able, they sent him here as a

Well; and you have renewed your love

"How can you ask such a question!" ex-claimed Louise, impatiently. "Do you not know that a priest can not marry?"

"I had forgotten that."
"Antoine—Father Hamil, is nothing to "Then why do you meet him again?"
"He said he had something to say to me."

"What was it?" "He wanted to-to give me some ad-

"He wished you to leave my service, was

not that it?" Louise looked up astonished. How could the lady discover every thing 'Was not that his advice? You do not

'He thought it would be better—'
'I understand it all. You can do as you please. I can spare you very well, Louise.'
Again the look of astonishment.

"You have had a good home with me, Louise, and I am not likely to be poorer than we have been. I have the prospect of being much richer. But if you wish, you can leave me. I do not want a spy on my actions. 'A spy, madame! I have never been a

Nor a judge?"

"I never presumed to judge you." "Listen to me. The doctor has ordered Paul to go and live on the seaboard. He will soon go to the city, and Peter will attend him.'

You are not going?" "Not for the present. Some one must see to our affairs here. If you choose to remain with me, you may either stay here, or go with Paul as housekeeper." I could not do that, ma'am.'

"Then stay here if you like; but I will have no meetings with that young priest, who dares to censure what I do." "I shall not see him again."
"That is well. Will you stay, then?"

"I have nowhere else to go!" sobbed the girl, covering her face with her hands conceal her tears

sume to question what I do. I have to manage every thing here, and I have to see many persons your priest might not approve. Just do as I bid you and be faithful and silent. You understand?"

"Yes, madame."
"Go, then, and sit in my chamber, to be within call when Paul wakes, and to give him his medicine. I expect to meet a

friend—I am going out, and you must see that no one follows me. Take the light."
What could the girl do? Disobey her spiritual adviser she must; was she not driven by necessity?
She went to take her place in the room next to that of the invalid. Her mistress threw on her cloak and fur-lined cap, and went out. Her walk was a long one and went out. Her walk was a long one, and in the opposite direction to the horse-path she had taken through the lane. It led across the plain, by a circuitous route to-ward a dense piece of woods, at the base of a precipitous bluff.

On the face of a steep pile of rocks was a cavernous opening, called a "pocket," almost entirely concealed by a thick growth of bushes. In the mouth of this a fire was kindled, over which was a frying-pan, halffilled with pork and sca-biscuit stewed—a favorite dish at that period among rangers of the forest. A pot of coffee stood on one side. A man seemed to be superintending preparations for supper. He was unshaven and rudely dressed in loose trowsers and long boots, with red flannel undershirt and a sombrero. He started when he saw the approaching figure, then turned toward a thicket, where stood a gray horse just fastened to a sapling by his rider.

This rider had a poncho thrown over his shoulder, where a heavy rifle was slung, and his legs were incased in skins garnished with Mexican spurs. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and a dark cloth jacket, with blue military trowsers and scarlet sash. His features were heavy and his complexion swarthy; his straight black hair hung over a projecting forehead, and his eyes, though small and piercing, were intensely black.

He turned when the other man spoke to

him, and advanced to meet the lady. She allowed him to take her hand and lead her a little apart, under the shelter of a large

tree, where he flung his cloak over a stone, and motioned her to take the seat.

"I will bring you some coffee," he said.

"You need not. I have taken supper.
Who is with you?" "Only Pedro and the Indian lad. They are out of hearing."

He threw himself on the ground at the

lady's feet, removed his hat, and looked up in her face with a pleased expression.

"I am so happy to see you again, Olivia. I hope you have good news!"

"That is as you take it," she answered.
"I have found it impossible to do as you proposed. I can not go with you. I must stay here." His face darkened with disappointment.

"You must not be angry, Queredos. I can do more for you here." "I will not go without you, my pearl, my star of beauty! What do I care for money or plunder, unless I can have you?" He took the hand that lay on her lap and

lifted it to his lips.
"Don't be a fool. You must go; and the sooner you finish the business, the sooner

we can meet again."
"Our retreat would be a desert without the queen. You know, Olivia, I would as willingly be in the mines again, as chief of this band, if I can not have your help. What has prevented the success of our

"Accident, partly; then there is too much risk. I have sent out two more of the securities. Paul is ordered by the doctor to the seaboard; he will be out of the way; and can not dispute his signatures, you know. Look here."

She showed the keys Ormsley had given "What are those?"

"The keys of Victor Ormsley's ware house. He left them in my keeping.

"Do you want the stores transferred?"

"No. You have been helped too often from them, and so have I. Do you think I want to rob a man who is so kind he gives me all for the asking?

"Olivia, I hate that man." "You are jealous, Queredos."
"I know it; I own it. He is more of a gentleman than I am, and he is wealthy. His wife could queen it without the help of pandits or Spanish grants of land.

may play me false some day; and, then, look out for my revenge. "Pshaw, I can be no man's wife; you know that. Why can you not be reason-

'Because I love you, Olivia; and I have never heard you say you love me."
"No more of that. I want a real service

"Ah, yes: you come to Queredos when you want work done," said the man, sul-"Listen: we are in danger; you as well as I. An enemy has started up, who must be put down before he can do us mischief."

An enemy?' "Yes. Can any one hear us?" "No-no; speak on."
"That Doctor Merle, whom the people

thinks knows so much. They call him a magician. What of him?" "I went to get the medicine we agreed upon—you know. Every thing would have been ready and finished, perhaps, if I could have obtained it without being suspected. But the quack found me out; pulled off

my disguise, and sent a dwarf half-breed to "He did? He shall pay for it!" cried the Mexican, with a growl of rage.

"I sent my maid next day; he played on her fears by some jugglery till he frightened her half to death, and then sent a priest to cajole her and extort what secrets she could tell him. When I went again for the medicine in my own person, he threatened me with the authorities. He is dangerous.

"Of course he is; and he must be disposed of. He is a medicastro—an impostor —but he can set people on our track, and drive your band from the country."

"I will deal with him," muttered the bandit, glancing at the rifle he had placed

against the tree "Not that way! I forbid it!" cried Olivia. "I have had enough of hiding and dodging. You must not think of it. It

would ruin all our plans in San Francisco. What shall be done, then?" You must get him into your power. onceal her tears.

"Then stay if you like; but do not pre-to make him useful."

You must shut him up, and leave it to me to make him useful."

"I can not keep him in my house, nor the stone castle.' "No, but you can put him in the ware-house. These keys will secure him. The

place is strong as a prison.'
"A capital thought!"

"Only for a few days. He will not know I have any thing to do with it, and he will by that time forget his pursuit of me. If needfal, I can rescue him, and earn me. If needed, his gratitude,"
his gratitude,"
"You have a long head, Olivia. They say the man has money hid somewhere."
"It is likely. He lives in a secluded

When do you want him removed?"

"To-night." "I will do it. Three of us are enough. And then, Olivia, you will go with me to the mountains?" 'No; I remain here. I dare not run the

"Then I will not stir. I will not go without you. My men have made their raids without me, and they must do it again. I will go back to my stone castle by the lake, and wait for you.'

"It is well. But you are to lose no time to-night. I will tell you the best way." She described the road, and the place of Dr. Merle's residence; gave him the keys, and then rose to return to her own house. "After all, you have treated me ill, Olivia," muttered her companion. "If you had done as you promised, you would have been free this night. We could have been

married in the mountains, and you would have been made an empress of bandits. We should have had some capital jobs when the travel sets in."
"Patience: all in good time. Do to-night as I told you, and you shall not fail

"There is but one reward I care for, and that is yourself."
The fair face, into which he looked, be-

The nair race, into which he looked, became radiant with a beaming smile.

The man flung his arms round her, and strained her passionately to his breast.

"Queredos! let me go!" she cried, struggling to release herself. "I have been here

"Stay and sup with me!" he pleaded, striving to detain her. But she refused. Again and again he embraced her. But she broke away, and in a few moments was on her way back, having forbidden his attendance. The desperado—a Spanish Mexican—be-

took himself to the supper prepared, of which he ate heartily, while giving direc-tions to his two men for the work before In less than an hour they were mounted and going at full speed toward Dr. Merle's

(To be continued—commenced in No. 155.)

### Cat and Tiger: THE STAR OF DIAMONDS.

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MYSTERY. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD,"
"RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING
TAISLMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI. HELENE CERCY FINDS A TOOL. PEDRO GOMEZ had not long to wait after

learing the approaching footstep.

The door opened, and a beautiful girl en-In the presence of one so lovely, and under the gaze of those large, dark, lustrous eyes-which she fixed on him the moment she came in-the gardener felt, more than

ever, ill at ease; and, crunching his hat in both hands, he arose to bow very awk-You are Pedro Gomez?" she said, inquiringly, when she had closed the door and drawn a chair near to him.

dogs did they find me out, and know my name so well?" "Be seated." Helene motioned him back to his seat.

Pedro, notwithstanding his embarrassment, took a good look at her; and in his mind he was saving: "An angel! a fairy! I could serve her in any thing! What can she want with me

-the poor gardener ? As if in answer to his questioning "Pedro, I am going to make you rich." "Can it be possible that you will honor Pedro Gomez—the miserable gardener—

with any favor, lady? My servant has told you, no doubt, that will show you how to make more money in one day than you can make other-

wise in five years "If you mean the Gipsy woman?-yes, she told me as much."
"She is my servant.

But Helene Cercy uttered a deliberate falsehood. She had that to say to Pedro Gomez which would not admit of a confiant; and, not choosing to trust the task of bringing him there to any one of her servants, she had successfully played the part of the Gipsy woman—disguising herself till all vestige of the rich belle of society

"And what am I to do, my lady, to earn so much?" Pedro asked. The price I will pay you is three thou-Three thousand dollars!" burst involun-

tarily from his lips. Yes. How much would you do for that amount? "I would do any thing!" he declared.
"Stop; let me tell you something, and see if you are in earnest when you say 'any

There are two people in New Oreans who hate each other-"There are many such pairs," inserted the gardener, who was gradually feeling less

Be still while I am talking. One of these is braver than the other He bowed in a way that said:

"A common case, my lady."
"This brave one," continue wishes to be rid of her enemy continued Helene. "Of 'her enemy!" repeated the Spaniard, smiling meaningly, for he was shrewd enough to catch an idea from what he heard. "Yes, 'of her enemy! Now she sends for a man who, she thinks, will serve her. She says to him, 'If you will remove this enemy for me, I will pay you thousands of dollars! What would you do in such a case, if you were the man she sent for?"

"Is this a proposition to Pedro Gomez?"

'Is this a proposition to Pedro Gomez?"

glancing at her from the corners of his eyes, while the smile on his face became a "I did not say it was a proposition," He-

lene answered, frowning slightly.
She was sounding him cautiously, and she had placed a golden inducement before the man whose nature she hardly knew yet.

Pedro at once assumed a sober counte-

nance. "What would I do, my lady? Well, if the offer came from one whose eyes were dark as yours, and whose voice said three thousand dollars, it is possible—" "Ah, I think I know you, Pedro Go-

He inclined his shaggy head. "Then you will aid me? You will strike this enemy from my path? For, I will do even more, if you make no mistake. I will sign a document agreeing to give you half my fortune, after fifteen years have elaps-

He opened his eyes in amazement.
"Or, further," she added, earnestly, "if
that does not altogether suit you, I will give
you your choice, between half my fortune and my hand in marriage-after fifteen

Pedro Gomez stared. He felt his veins warming, and the words of the beautiful girl tingled in his ears.

He was completely deceived by her tone. He believed that it might be possible for him, one day, to possess this lovely creature. While it seemed preposterous, it filled him with rapture.

Lady," he stammered, "I will do any thing you command!"
"It is well. My enemy is to be re-

'And I will remove her for you!" exclaimed Pedro, whose gaze was still swimming, whose ears were still tingling. She arose and went to the desk on the small table, from which she obtained a tiny

While she was doing this, Pedro was

"She is not an angel!—she is all devil! But she is beautiful! I am in love with her—I, Pedro Gomez, the dirty gardener! And if I live for fifteen ears—she will be my wife, for she has promised to put such an agreement upon paper. Ho! h-o! what good luck. And three thousand dollars in cash money! I am rich! I am happy! I will obey her in any thing!"
He was interrupted by Helene, who ap-

proached him.
"You see this vial, Pedro Gomez?"

"It contains a deadly poison."

"The way to administer it is by putting three drops—mark, only three drops—in the center of a rose."

"In the center of a rose," he repeated, paying close attention, and receiving the poisonous vial from her.

The one who smells of the rose will, at the first inhalation, give a quick start, and look surprised. At the second—which can not be resisted—the effect is to produce drowsiness. Then there must be somebody to grasp and sustain the stricken one, who will be likely to fall, and press the rose close to the nostrils—remember, press the rose close to the nostrils! Can you recol-

Yes, my lady; I have it by heart. But

there is danger in all this,"
"None. The cause of death can never be traced to the rose. Will you perform the task properly?"
"It shall be done," promised Gomez.

"Swear it."
"I swear it shall be done!" vowed the Spaniard, sinking to one knee and raising

one hand.
"When will you do it?" "Within one week."

"You do solemnly swear, that, within one week, you will administer poison to my enemy, through the rose?'

"Then you will earn more money by it in one day than you can make with the spade in five years. When it is done I will hear of it without your telling me. Come to me afterward, and you shall have three thousand dollars.'

"I think I can trust her," flashed through his mind. "And—by the devil!—if she fooled me, I would make her repent it But no, she dare not trifle with me. so beautiful! And, perhaps, after fifteen years, she will be the wife of Pedro Gomez! Excellent fortune! What a rise: from a poor gardener, to the position of a gentle-man and the husband of this devil-of-an-

gel!" "Well, Pedro Gomez?" interrogatively, and cutting short his grand painting of

"Yes, my lady. I was only thinking how generous of you to honor me so—to honor the poor gardener!"

Her red lips curled, as she gazed down on the uncouth form; but he did not see it, for he was bowing lower, and shak ing his head from side to side while speak

ing. "Get up, Pedro." "Yes, my lady;" and inwardly: "What a sweet voice! If she is ever my wife, she shall sing me to sleep every night!"
Plainly we see that the hint of becoming his wife was a cunning artifice, for he wa thoroughly deluded, and ready to do what-ever Helene Cercy might wish.

The beauty had other intentions for the future of Gomez, while she played a part now that made him pliant in her hands. "But, lady"—as it suddenly struck him that the most important part of his instruc-tions had been omitted—" who is it I am to

remove from your path, with the deadly "Her name is Florose Earneliffe," and as she uttered the name, she fastened her dark orbs in a hard, half-frowning gaze upon his

Pedro started back. The vial nearly fell from his clasp, and his swarthy face grew

red. "Lady !—" " Not a word! You have sworn to remove my enemy. That enemy is your young

mistress, Florose. Remember your oath Remember the three thousand dollars! 'And the beautiful devil who may some day be my wife!" added Pedro, in his own mind, trying, himself, to set aside the scru-

ples which had arisen at mention of Flo-And between Helene Cercy and himself,

he easily quelched any weak feelings that might have possessed him. Ten minutes later, he left the house.

And Helene Cercy was walking back and forth in her boudoir, smiling in triumph as she pondered on the oath of Gomez to remove her rival.

CHAPTER VII.

CARLOS MENDOZE, THE QUACK.

NIGHT.

With the last stroke of the iron tongue that proclaimed the hour, a carriage rolled away from before the residence of Helene

Going from her house, we are right in supposing that its occupant was the plot-ting, dark-eyed belle.

While she is speeding away, we turn to

another locality, to an establishment near the corner of Willow and —— streets. It was a dilapidated affair; a dingy little store, with one bow window, the frame of which was sunken and rickety, and the contents of which was composed of countless bottles of various sizes, bearing numerous labels of dusty condition. One miserably-spluttering lamp shed a sickly glimmer over the suspicious-looking bottles; and a row of monstrous candles on a shelf inside, served to display the stock of Carlos Mendoze, the Quack.

There were several customers in the store; and old Carlos—a Spaniard, of many years, with pointed features, slim body, of short stature, and wearing a long black ministerial frock-coat—was bowing and bending while he served their wants, and occasionally

he served their wants, and occasionally speaking words of advice.

As the withered old Quack attended to these customers, a carriage whirled past the door—stopping a short distance beyond. In a moment it rumbled on again; and in another moment a new customer entered the shop of Carlos Mendoze. This last was a woman, closely vailed, and attired very plainly.

plainly.

She did not stop at the counter, but passed straight on, disappearing through a nar-

ed straight on, disappearing through a narrow back door.

"Ah!" thought old Carlos, as he gave a momentary glance after the comer; "there is the beautiful belle! She comes again to see Mendoze, the Quack. What does she want this time? I shall learn presently, when there there were hardened to the company through the contract of the company through the contract of when these twopenny buyers clear out.
Malediction! they spend one dollar, where
this beautiful Helene Cercy is paying me
hundreds! I have no time for them when
she comes. Will they never begone?"

she comes. Will they never begone?"
Carlos Mendoze was very anxious to join
the visitor who awaited him in the back But the customers in his shop annoyed him greatly by standing and talking after they had made their purchases.

When, however, the last one had departed, he made haste to close and lock the "Now then!—now then, for my hundred-dollar customer!" rubbing his skinny hands together and hurrying toward the back

Helene Cercy was seated at a large round table, apparently impatient at his long de-

lay. "Ah!" he squeaked, "I am sorry you had to wait so long, madam.'

We state here that Helene was a wealthy orphan. Also, that it was a habit with Mendoze to call her "madam," for their acquaintance was, by no means, a fresh one. I thought you would keep me all night, Carlos Mendoze!"

'Oh, no; not even if I had to drive those ragged buyers off by force. But I am here now; how can I serve Madam Helene Cercy this time?"

I have found use for the poison I got

of you yesterday."

"Ah!" smiling grimly.

"Now I want something else."

"Something else? What is that something else?"

n asp. Carlos Mendoze—an asp with a poisoned fang "Ho h-o!" exclaimed the Quack, within himself, "she wants an asp! What is she going to do with an asp?" Then aloud:

"How did you know I could give you an asp, eh?"

"You are forgetful. I learned it from your own mouth. When I asked you yesterday for poison, you suggested an asp. But I preferred the means of the deadly rose. Now give me deadly rose. Now, give me an asp; and also, give me a drug to produce instant

stupor—a drowsiness in which the asp can be applied. "But these things are very precious," whined old Carlos. "My asps are quite expensive.

What do they cost ?" 'The price is two hundred dollars.' "Bring me one, then; and make haste. Make up the drug, too. I must get away from here. The smell of your bottles sick

The shriveled old Quack started to procure what she wanted-lighting a candle and descending to the cellar, where he kept the horrible things. And as he went, he was muttering:

So young, and so beautiful! Yet she is a deep one, for she uses drugs and poisons. Ah! I know what you are at, Helene Cercy. You mean to poison Florose Earncliffe, your rival! You shall pay old Carlos much more money, yet, to ke your secret. I know-I know all about it. You can't conceal it from me! I have my thumb on others, rich as you. But the What can she want with the asp will find that out, too

t was some time before he returned. He brought her a very small, round box, containing what she desired, and, in a few

words, instructed her how to use it.

Next, he compounded the drug for her And in half an hour, Helene Cercy left the shop. Her carriage had returned; and when she had entered this, and was being borne homeward, Carlos Mendoze stood looking after her—tightly clutching the two hundred and fifty dollars she had paid

As the Quack was about to retire from the doorway, a figure approached rapidly, ascended the steps, brushed rudely against him, and passed into the shop.
"Ho! Cortez—you are drunk! Male-

diction!" he snapped.
"No-malediction!—I am not drunk!" snarled back the figure, continuing on to the rear apartment, and banging the nar-

row door spitefully. Something is the matter with Cortez!" the Quack exclaimed, a little nervously, as he hastened after this new-comer.

In the rear office stood Cortez Mendoze, the son of Carlos. But Cortez, then, was a youth hardly twenty-two years of age.

He was handsomely proportioned; with an attractive face, brilliant eyes, and skin of extraordinary purity—the more extraordinary, because Cortez was addicted to habits of dissipation. There was evidence of great muscular strength in him; and a bearing that showed he well knew of his attractiveness.

On this occasion, his face was glowing as

if with angry emotion, and he was grinding his fine white teeth savagely.
"Malediction!" cried Carlos. "What is

it, my boy? You are mad!" Yes, I am mad-malediction!" hissed the handsome Cortez-using, it will be seen, the favorite exclamation of his father.
"Be calm, my dear Cortez—be calm. Sit down, and tell me what has happened." Cortez sat down; but he instantly started up and began striding across the apart-

ment, with clenched fists and scowling Carlos rung a tiny bell that was upon the

The summons brought a negro, who appeared at another door which led to the upper story of the rickety building.
"Bring us some wine, Farak," he said;

'and be quick about it."
And when the negro had gone for the

"Sit down, Cortez, my dear boy; tell me what's the matter."

"Matter enough!" growled the young Spaniard. "You know Wart Gomez?"

"Oh, Wart Gomez! the son who quarreled with his father, Pedro, on account of

Carline Mandoro!"
"Yes—he who married Carline Mandoro. Malediction!" 'Your old sweetheart."

"But what of Wart Gomez?"
"We quarreled, three days ago."
"Ho! A quarrel with Wart Gomez!

Well?" He met me on the street, and dealt me a blow in the face, because, he said, I had spoken slanderously of his wife, Carline." 'Wart Gomez struck you in the face?

'Yes-caramba!" echoed Cortez, with a hiss, and a snap of his teeth.
"Well? Well? What then?"
The father now partook of the excite-

ment of the son. At that moment Farak brought the wine. When the negro withdrew, Carlos persuad-

ed his son to a seat.

"Now, then, my dear Cortez. What did you do when Wart Gomez struck you?"

"I struck back again!" gulping down a

glassful of wine.
"Good! Good!" squeaked the father,
rubbing his skinny hands till the knuckles cracked, and seeming highly pleased.
"A challenge followed. He was to have met me to-night, at sunset, to fight with

'Yes-yes. And you would have shot him "But he did not come! Malediction!" should Cortez, smiting the table with his

fist. "Ho! how cowardly!"

"Instead, he sent this note. Read it."

He threw a slip of paper toward his father; and the latter read as follows:

"CORTEZ MENDOZE:
"I shall not meet you. For two reasons, I will not fight you: first, I have a wife and child who depend upon my labor; second, you are not worthy of my anger. WART GOMEZ."

"The coward!" exclaimed Carlos.
"But he shall not escape me! I will have his life! He struck me, and now tries to sneak from the penalty. The blow on maye his he! He struck he, and how these to sneak from the penalty. The blow on my cheek still smarts. Malediction!"

"Yes—malediction!" accepted Carlos, refilling the tumblers. "Since he will not fight you fairly, you must have revenge!"
"And I will have it! Caramba!"

CHAPTER VIII.

" Caramba!—yes."

A STRANGE HISTORY. In a western section of the city was situated the house of Wart Gomez, the son of

But there was a vast difference between father and son. The young Gomez was a man of many accomplishments, acquired by himself, and which had obtained him, first, a clerkship at a handsome salary, and, afterward, a position with his employers that was almost a partnership.

In consequence of steady habits, and close attention to business, the young man had saved a great deal of money, and was very comfortable in this world's goods.

He married a beautiful girl, whose name was Carline Mandoro; and the result of this marriage was a quarrel with his father, Pedro Gomez, which led to a separation between them.

Carline's father was a Spaniard-her mo ther an Englishwoman; and they were well to do, if not rich. It was because of this that Pedro objected to the union, declaring that she was too far above Gomez to be come his wife-the wife of a son of a

But Wart was ambitious; and he stood high in the esteem and confidence of his employers. He won the girl's affectionswhile she was living at a hotel, with her widowed mother—and married her. And the pair were well-mated, for they loved each other fondly. It was the third night after that on which

Helene Cercy visited Mendoze, the quack. In the parlor of Wart Gomez' snug hous husband and wife and child were assembled —the latter, a girl, four years and three months old. And Zetta, the servant—who months old. was about Carline's own age-was amusing the child, while her master and mistres

On this evening Carline appeared to be very uneasy. Her eyes glanced restlessly about; her voice was unsteady; and Gomez missed the sunny smile with which she was wont to welcome him, when he returned to his home at nightfall.

Carline," he said, "you are too sad to night. You are anxious without good cause. Come—look up and smile; and think no more of Cortez Mendoze. We need not fear him "

'I can not drive off the feeling, Wart,' was the despondent return. "I am trem bling in a dread of something terrible that is about to happen

Why should you?' "Cortez Mendoze will never forgive you the blow you struck him. "I could not help it, Carline! The scoundrel was heard to boast, in a wine-

shop, that you had once been his sweet-And was it not true, Wart?" with a

"Ay, but he deceived you-deceived your mother! He came to you, dressed in fine clothes, and with pretty speeches. He said he was rich; and I proved to you that he lied-he was poor, an adventurer, and no fit companion for one so pure as Car-line Mandoro. My blood boiled when I heard of his language, so I struck him for

'And I fear he will seek some terrible

revenge; for he is very passionate. I can not rest easy, dear Wart."

"Pah! Forget him."

"And then, to-day, when I was dusting my bureau—you know the box containing the Star of Diamonds?"

"Yes in the toy leave."

"Yes; in the top drawer."

"I opened the drawer, to put away some trifles, when the lid of the box flew wide, with a loud 'click.'"

" Well ?" "Wart-I-"It is nothing-the jar of opening the

drawer, perhaps."
"I could not help but feel that it foretold some great calamity." "For, Wart," her voice sunk low, and

she turned her pale face earnestly to his, "it flew open in the same way just before my mother's mother died." "Ah! yes; now I remember, you promised to tell me all concerning this mysterious star, and the fates attached to it. It

"Yes—very strange. I will tell you. And then you can see that I am not uselessly worried by its box-lid flying open in my face. And doing so at a time when we have a deadly enemy in Cortez Mendoze, and after you have had a quarrel with him, I have cause to think there is danger hover. ing near. Oh, Wart! What is coming?" and she buried her face in her hands, as if the dread that had fastened upon her was

momentarily increasing,
"But, this strange history, Carline?"
"Tell me, shifting his position nervously. "The now, about this Star of Diamonds?" Zetta, the maid, and Zuelo, the little girl, were silent and attentive, too, as Carline began to explain the mystery and fates of

the Star of Diamonds. Even the child was impressed by the solemn tone in which her mother spoke. And while a brief silence ensued upon the last speech of Wart Gomez, there was a

face peering in at the open window-the face of a man, with an expression that was scowling, angry, ominous.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 154.)

# The Rock Rider:

THE SPIRIT OF THE SIERRA. A TALE OF THE THREE PARKS.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE KNIGHT OF THE RUBIES," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXII. THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

GUSTAVE BELCOUR was the first to reach the waterfall at the mouth of the haunted glen, and it was he that discharged the rifleshot which announced their arrival to the camp below. The next to follow was Carl Brinkerhoff, and little Yakop came bustling past the horse's feet and halted at the edge of the waterfall, whining, as if he wanted

to go over but dared not. The four comrades (for Somers and Buford were close behind) looked doubtfully at the sheer walls of precipice before them, and Brinkerhoff observed:

'Himmel! How ve ever gets up dere? Dis leedle kal must be vonderful leedle kal to life hier."

At that very moment Belcour uttered an exclamation of satisfaction and delight, for the figure of Ahsata made its appearance in full sight, and, for the first time, the four comrades had a full view of that wondrous eauty, which they had hitherto only seen by glimpses at a distance.

Not a word was uttered as they stood gazing spellbound at her; and then, all of a sudden, the girl came flying toward them, graceful and fearless, a hundred feet at each swing, till she stood on the pointed rock above the waterfall and looked down

in silence on them. Then the spell was broken, the mystery Slight and almost invisible as were the suspending cords, they could yet trace them like spiders' threads, and understood it in a

"Der flying trapeze," muttered Carl, who

was an old "turner. "Why did I never think of it before?"
murmured Belcour. Then he raised his hat in a profound salutation, and addressed

Ahsata, saying:
"Mademoiselle, whoever you are, believe me, it is not impertinent curiosity that has drawn us here. Yesterday I was overpowered and stunned by Indians in this pass, and, when I came to, the young lady who had been with me was gone. Tell us, Mademoiselle, did the Indians carry her off

or have you rescued her?" The girl stood looking earnestly at him all this while. When he had finished, she answered, in a sweet, clear voice:

She is here. What would you with "Her father, Colonel Davis, arrived in time to rescue her sister last night," said Belcour. "He is very anxious to see his daughter if you will permit it, mademoi-

Ahsata seemed to hesitate a moment. Then she said "Can you follow me by the road I came,

I think so, mademoiselle." "Then lay down your arms, leave your companions, and come to me." Belcour was off his horse in a trice, and delivered over his weapons to his comrades. He had not expected such an easy conquest of the shy creature.

She threw down to him the end of a rope, by which he ascended to the rock on which she stood, and she addressed him, in a cold, business-like tone:

"Swing over to yonder tree," she said and then throw me back the rope. Belcour was a pretty fair gymnast, but he hesitated a moment to take the leap over such a frightful chasm. Absata laugh-

"Give me the rope," she said. "I will go first." In a moment she was swinging over the giddy void, and in another, back came the ope full swing.

Belcour, ashamed of himself, caught it, and followed her. All that the feat required was boldness, and he lighted on the tree beside the girl in safety. She smiled encouragingly, and observed:
"You do well for the first time. I re-

must take the second swing. Hang the stone over that branch, and then come on. He obeyed her in silence, and the second great swing took him to the midst of the precipice, where the girl had already left

member when I was afraid. But now

the station and stood at the entrance of the

cleft, ready to send back the rope.

In two minutes more he stood by her side at the entrance of the crater of the extinct volcano, and beheld Blanche Davis and father Clement advancing to meet them.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION. A MOURNFUL group was gathered at sunset around the tent which held the couch of the wounded Beckford. The sides of the tent were looped up to admit the cool breeze, and the injured man was propped

up with pillows. Colonel Davis, Major Morris, and one or two gray-headed officers, all old comrades of the poor captain, were clustered about him, with sad faces, while the colonel's daughters supported him on either side, weeping unrestrainedly.

At the foot of the bed stood Father Cle-

ment and Ahsata. The girl seemed to be strangely moved, as she gazed at the dying officer, and he, on his part, was looking back at her with eager intensity, while Father Clement

"I can not say for a certainty, sir, who she is. That she comes of white parents you can see for yourself, but the Apache chief, Cochise, owned her for a slave at the time that the superior of our order sent me on a mission to the tribe ruled over by that chief. I noticed the poor child in her lone-ly degradation, beaten, abused and over-worked, and tried my utmost to better her condition. I had some success with the warriors of the tribe, but Cochise himself remained stolid and fierce as ever, and finally my life was threatened by him unless I left the tribe. Now, you know that a missionary is bound to suffer martyrdom if necessary, if thereby he can save a soul; but, alas, gentlemen, I could not say for certain that a circle various of that stubbern tribe. that a single warrior of that stubborn tribe had been truly converted. The only creature who had listened to me with clear understanding was this captive child, and her I felt bound to save if I could. I fled in the night with her, and sought refuge in the mountains, where we have now lived for nearly twelve years in peace.

"It had been my fortune in my youth to become a skillful gymnast, and I put the lessons I had learned in practice now, and taught them to my pupil. Like Alexander Selkirk, long ago, vigorous health and con-stant practice enabled me to run down the wild goat of the mountain, when the pow-der and lead I had brought away from the Apache camp failed us. Making ropes of the sinews of animals, I succeeded in swinging over chasms that otherwise no human being could have faced. It was well for us that I made those ropes, for their use finally enabled us to reach an otherwise - inaccessible retreat, where the Apaches could not pursue us. They hunted us very closely at first, but God gave us strength to keep out of their way, and the mystery of our final departure aroused their superstition. I took advantage of this by frequently appearing at night and their supersition. I took advantage of this by frequently appearing at night, and swinging along the face of precipices with a pine torch fixed in my cap. My pupil and I put on our present garb, partly for convenience of climbing, partly to increase the mystery. She has become far more ac-tive than I was in my best days, as much at home among the rocks as the Ahsata I have named her after. Latterly, since the white people have visited the valley, we have staid in our own retreat to avoid no-tice, living on the milk of our little flock, which we increase from time to time by captured kids. If it had not been for the Indians chasing yonder young lady to our very doors, you would never have seen us; but we could not stand by and see her murdered. So we took advantage once more of the Indian superstition, frightened them away, and carried off the young lady with some difficulty, for I had to carry her in my arms on the great swing. But now I suppose our retreat is discovered, and we shall have no more peace till we return to civilization.

Certainly not," said Colonel Davis. "You have done me too much service to be allowed to rusticate there any longer; and as for this young lady, if what Red Lightning tells me be true, Beckford, you are right in your conjecture. I see it in both The Cheyenne dog who stole your eyes. rour daughter sold her to the Apaches, and beyond a doubt the little white captive who escaped to the mountains, and became known as the Spirit of the Sierra, is none other than—"
"Evelyn Beckford! My own lost little

The girl started as she heard the name. and seemed to be struggling to remember "Who calls me Evy?" she murmured, Then, suddenly, old Cato leaped up from

cried Beckford, half rising from his

where he had been crouched at the head of the bed, unseen, and yelled out:
"Missy Evy! Missy Evy! Don't ye
know ole Cato, what used to carry you bout when you was little pickanninny? Oh! bress de Lord, marse cappen, for you ain't crazy no mo', and we'se foun' little Miss Evy 't last!"

Beckford did not die, reader. him, even with a shattered thigh-bone, the most dangerous of all wounds. But his recovery was very slow, and the assiduous attentions of Belcour, who was a physician among his other accomplishments, went far toward saving him.

But he recovered and became rational again, retiring from the army, and living in New York with his son-in-law, in peace and quiet. Who that son-in-law was is easily told. The mutual admiration that easily tota. The initial admiration that sprung up in the bosoms of Belcour and Evelyn Beckford, when they first met in the haunted gorge, bore its fruit, in due time, in a wedding. Somers and Buford are still bachelors, farming in California, but honest Carl Brinkerhoff has settled down as a practicing architect in New down as a practicing architect in New York, and has married Clara Davis. Little Yakop is grown fat and lazy now, and sneaks under the sofa when you ask him to perform any of his tricks; but, as old Cato

"Ef it hadn't 'a' been fur dat ar' dog, Marse Brinkerhoff wouldn't nebber have got off wid him wife so esay, and Marse Billycur wouldn't nebber have found out de way to get 'nudder fur heself, fur ef Miss Blanshy Davis hadn't been dar, Missy Evy wouldn't nebber have come down out of dat ar' hole in de rocks what dem ignorant red niggers of Injuns used to call her not'ing but de SPIRIT OF THE SIERRA.





NEW YORK, MARCH 8, 1873.

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### Our Arm-Chair.

Chat. - The Prairie Chief says to its readers: "Those of our people who wish an entertaining and instructive paper should subscribe immediately for the SATURDAY JOUR-NAL." Just what a great number of readers are doing. One pleasing feature of the Jour. NAL's circulation is that it goes so largely in homes and families. A good family paper by no means implies one that is filled up with recipes for pies and puddings, rules of conduct, essays on education, etc., etc. On the contrary, a real family and fireside journal is the hardest kind of a weekly to get up, for the reason that its interest must be so varied as to reach and satisfy the old and young equally; it must be grave and gay; it must have matter that will command attention for its novelty, freshness and entertaining nature it must be well prepared, well illustrated, well printed on good paper. All this the SA-TURDAY JOURNAL aims to accomplish; and its steadily increasing circulation through the mails is the best of evidences that it is doing not only well for itself but well for the homes of America, for which it caters.

—In answer to the inquiry of a correspon-

dent who lost a valuable manuscript by the confiscation of all matter only partially paid in postage, we say, the authority for such procedure is assumed to lie in the following sec-

tions of the Postal law: SECTION 151. That all mail matter deposited for mailing, on which at least one full rate of postage has been paid as required by law, shall be forwarded to its destination, charged with the unpaid rate, to be collected on delivery.

Section 152. That if any mail matter, on which by law the postage is required to be prepaid at the mailing office, shall by inadvertence reach its destination without such prepayment, double the prepaid rates shall be charged and collected on delivery.

It would indeed puzzle a "Philadelphia lawyer" to extract from these provisions a right to impose a triple postage, and, failing to re ceive it of the person to whom the package is addressed, to confiscate the package and send it to the Dead Letter office. Thousands of dollars' worth of manuscripts have so been made way with, for which the Government ought to be held responsible. The law requires no exposition to defend it from this outrageous invasion of property right, it says, as plain as words can say it, that all matter on which even one rate has been prepaid shall be duly forwarded to its destination, and the still un paid rate duly collected on delivery. But, it adds, if by any reason a package gets into the mail having nothing prepaid on it, then col-lect double rates on delivery. That is all. We have little confidence in an officer who can so read this law as to extract from it the right to levy triple rates, and to confiscate all manuscripts and correspondence which refuses to submit to the extortion-very little confidence indeed. And in this matter we speak the mind of every editor and publisher in New York city, we are sure.

-A late report from Washington says: "According to the reports of the Internal Revenue office, the number of distilleries in operation on the 1st inst., was 311, with a daily producing capacity of 278,619 gallons, being a daily increase during January over December of 38,921 gallons. What a horrible showing is this! Every gallon of that liquor represents crime, suffering, death; and yet, month by month we witness a steady increase

in the amount manufactured. It is "blood money" indeed that comes from its taxation. We are literally "peopling Hell" when we in any way encourage this traffic in liquor. "A daily producing capacity of 278,619"-over one hundred million gallons per year! Are we to become a nation of drunkards?

-The destruction of buffalo on our Western plains is something sad to contemplate. Great slaughter was made during the last four months of last year. One firm in Leavenworth received 30,000 hides per month, while two others in Kansas City received 15,000 each in the same time. This is at the rate of 2,000 slain per day. The immense piles or stacks of hides to be seen at all the stations along the line of the Kansas Pacific Railroad bear witness to the slaughter. Prof. Mudge (of Manhattan, Kansas), who is well posted in the economy of the plains, places the number killed per day at 1,000, which is sufficiently high to insure the early extinction of the spe cies. Must this slaughter continue? Congress, it seems to us, might interfere to prevent the destruction of the race as it has in terfered in Alaska to prevent the destruction

#### Foolscap Papers.

#### Whitehorn's Dinner Speech. From the London Dimes.

THE public dinner given to Mr. White-horn on the occasion of his last visit to England was a great success. Many great and effective speeches were made by promi-nent men. Mr. Carl Isle said he knew the moment that Mr. Whitehorn landed on the British shore that it was him, for he had felt the island shake. He was pleased to see him.

Mr. Tom Hues said every one in his parish knew Whitehorn was here, as all the milk turned sour on a sudden. He was

Dr. Darwin said it did him more good to see Whitehorn than it would to see one of his original grandfathers who were monkey monks. He was proud of the moment. The Marcus of Boot said he knew Mr.

Whitehorn was in the kingdom, for he had seen the frogs out on his farm turning handsprings. He was overjoyed to meet Hon. Madstone knew Whitehorn had

come when one of the dog-irons in his fire-place began to bark. This was the proud-est hour of his life. John Bright said he was happier on this occasion than at any other moment since

he invented his celebrated disease. His joy was complete. Martin Farquhar Tuppence felt like he could write another book of Proverbial Hydrophobias standing on his head.

The Marcus of Forlorn said he had seen Mr. Whitehorn and was willing to live and said that all now should drink at Mr. Whitehorn's health and expense. men, charge your glasses-to Mr. White-

Mr. Whitehorn then arose.
Mr. Chairman and gentlemen: the distinguished honor you have done me this evening fully comes up to my expectations, and on behalf of the people of the United States I thank you for this good dinner you have been so kind to prepare for me. Were it not for the momentous affairs which must soon call me back to the land of liberty and the home of the eagle, I should dearly love to stay and board with you. The name of England is associated with all that is high and pure in literature and phi-losophy, but I did not believe she had such good cooks before. I came here this evening a stranger and awful hungry, and I have been overwhelmed with the hospitality of the English character and the excellence of your mutton-chops-with gravy. I look around me to-night the only thing that disappoints me is that I see none of the crowned heads here. I should have been glad to take those crowned heads by the hand and express my great satisfaction at their joy of meeting me. But the roast beef was splendid!

Old England! how my heart thrills at its sound! It is from her generous shores that our table sauce comes and here is manufactured those nice British hose! I am proud to say that I have one of them on to-night. (Cheers.) It is from here that our magazines get all their short stories. (Groans.) Where are the responsive hearts that have not heard of English muffins (Hear! hear!) The immortal fame of her Diplomatists and half-and-half is world

It pleases me to address and enlighten you, and my pride and happiness would be complete to-night were it not for the fear that I have eaten too much; but, gentlemen of Britain, that ox-tail soup was the best I

ever gormandized. (Great Applause.)
Our fore-and-five-fathers came over from England, and brought Plymouth Rock with them for ballast, and good ballast it was What would we have done if they had not come over? I pause to take a drink and give it up. They carried the Goddess of Liberty to our shores, and on the American soil planted the germs of freedom and large and improved pumpkins; both have throven until their branches reach from sea to sea, and from see to saw, and back to Z and C again.

I am proud of England. Did she not allow us to lick her in the Revolution, and also in 1812? (Wild applause.) And ain't we able to do it again? (Hear! hear!) If there was any way by which I could be made an English duke, I would not consider it beneath my dignity to sell off my cow and calf and spend the remainder of my life in making Britain the greatest empire on the earth, which, I think, she is at the present day in the matter of baked beans. (Applause.) I might even consent to the office of Lord High Commissioner of the

royal Boot-jack. (Hooray.)
What has America done for Great Britain? Has she not sent all her authors over here to receive your homage and your public dinners, so that when they get home they might sit down and write how Lord D- scratched his titled head; the exact size of Earl somebody's paper collar; how Viscount some-one-else picked his teeth, and other knightly characteristics? Thrice happy England! (Multitudinous tu-

Gentlemen, it pleases me to know that my last book has circulated so extensively in England. I carried it around in my pocket everywhere I have been yet. In-deed, I feel grateful. If Oxford confers the ninety-ninth degree in the shade upon me for my great efforts of making the abstract sciences so simple that they are no sciences at all, I shall not feel disappointed. (Vociferous vocalisms.)

I began my life very early; the Roman empire had declined, and the greatness of the Cæsars had long before become a matter of history; but, never have I had such a deserved reception and such fine English herring as I have had here this evening. (Cheers.) I might say, illustrious chairman and gentlemen, that in consequence of the failure of a remittance from my proud home in the setting sun, from the sale of a wagon load of pumpkins, I am out of funds, but I scorn to allude to it, for I know the generosity of the English pocket-book. (Cries of "here, here," though nobody offered any thing.) I might lengthen my speech by continuing on, but, gentlemen you all have what is termed, in poetry corns, and know how to sympathize with me. God bless you all; and now, as I sit down amid waving of handkerchiefs, let the band strike up "Hail Columbus."

#### Woman's World.

A Death-bed Utterance.—Eloise's Diamonds.—A Diamond Pulace.—How to buy Diamonds.— What I Know About Diamonds.—A Regret, and an Utterance.

THE following words are recorded as the death-bed utterance of a truly good and noble woman—one whose whole life was known as a martyrdom to duty:

I have made a great mistake in life. have tyrannized over my tastes and my natural instincts. I have walked in the rugged ways of duty so carefully that I would not permit myself to admit that the same Hand that made the rugged also made the smooth, and that He had made the beautiful far more abundant and com-mon than the unsightly. Now I perceive, when it is too late, that had I made myself more attractive to the eyes of those for whom I wrought, I should have gotten nearer to them, and have been able to show them the loveliness of purity, instead of making it appear so rigidly cold. It is too late now, but you will tell women for me, to be fair to the eyes of those they would better, for God intended it. I see my mistake now; I have worn the sackcloth when I should have been as beautiful as the truth I was giving to my children. Had I won them to love me, I should not have been deserted in this supreme moment of dissolution. Tell women to be unselfish. Tell them to be useful.

I often wonder why all who feel and see that they have made mistakes in life do not give utterance to the regret as this woman did. Such utterances would be indelible footprints in the sand of time, to warn the misguided, and direct our forlorn and ship-wrecked brothers and sisters, 'sailing o'er life's solemn main,' how to take heart again, and steer their shattered barks into safer seas, and havens of happiness.

Not long since a friend of mine—a beautiful woman—sent me a note, saying: "Come to me immediately—come, for I need your counsel and assistance." I could not imagine what was the matter. I had left her but twenty-four hours ago in fine health and spirits. I knew her husband was considered one of the most prosperous and enterprising men of New York. hastened to comply with her request, and upon arriving at the house, was shown at once to Eloise's dressing-room. She looked nervous and anxious, but not miserable.

"I will not ask you to take off your hat and cloak, because I am going to ask you to go on an errand for me. I can not go myself, as you will see when I explain.

My dear E—, don't be shocked, but it is a fact—my husband is on the eve of bankruptcy. He told me this morning that if e could not raise ten thousand dollars by three o'clock to-morrow, his credit in bank would be gone, and in the present juncture of affairs, it would be impossible for him to obtain a third of the amount. Now, my friend, my jewels are my only resource but if I go to pawn them, everybody will know me, and the affair will give such a blow to Harry's credit that, even if he weathers this storm, his business reputation will suffer fearfully, and perhaps irremediably. You can take my diamonds and pearls for me, though, and raise all the money you can on them, and never let it be known whose jewels they are. In a month Harry can redeem them. Am I not right? Say yes," she cried, impatiently. "I know

you think so." You are more than right," I answered "and now I see your good mother's good sense and forethought in advising your father to invest some of the fortune he gave you, on your marriage, in the form of jewels. You could not raise money so quickly and privately on real estate; and stocks would have to sell. Let us look at your diamonds."

She opened her boudoir-safe and displayed its glittering treasures. A cross with nine large solitaires first caught my eye. As I raised it from its velvet casket,

"That," said Eloise, "cost nine thousand dollars. Each diamond is worth a "You can raise five thousand on that," I said.

"Only five thousand?" "Yes, only five thousand. You must remember the diamond broker knows the necessity for privacy any person has who brings him such jewels as these to raise

"Very true," responded Eloise. "What could we raise on these earnings?"

I counted the diamonds. Two large solitaires and nine small brilliants in each ear ring.
"Perhaps five thousand more; but, to

must be worth as much more. "Take the brooch and the sapphire dia mond ring also, to make assurance doubly sure, and let me know the result as soon as

make it sure, send the brooch also. That

I did not waste a moment but it was noon the next day before I returned to Eloise with the money and the pawnbroker's tickets. The carriage was at the door, and she was whirled off to Harry's office as fast as the white ponies could fly. Harry did *not* break, and in less than a month the diamonds were redeemed.

Now, I would not advise the father of every bride to invest all his surplus funds in diamonds for his daughter. Eloise was the child of a millionaire, and had but one brother. Diamonds were just the thing for her. She was beautiful, genial, social and domestic by nature, and she could safely trust herself with the possession of fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewels, and she knew when to wear them, and how to wear them-ay, and to use them.

A judicious amount of money can always

be expended, by persons of ample means, in diamonds, pearls and other gems. Under adverse circumstances money can always be borrowed on them, and they do not fluctuate in their market value, as real estate stocks do. They are the most beautiful ornaments a woman can wear and are a guarantee of the wealth of the wearer; and it is a rather mortifying thing to confess of our civilization, but 'tis true, that an appearance of wealth and prosperity secures in no country in the world so much respect as in

our republic!
In selecting diamonds it is well to remember that the most "reliable" houses can not always be trusted. I knew a lady who, in purchasing a pair of solitaires which seemed to match precisely, afterward discovered when she sent them to be reset, that one was a paste brilliant! Nor could she return it to the dealer from whom she had purchased. He assured her she must have been deceived by the jeweler who was to reset them, and as she could not say that they had "never been a moment out of her sight while in his hands," she had to lose one thousand dollars for her credulity and trust in those she had been assured were en-

The lightest and simplest setting around a fine diamond displays it to the best advantage. A little edge of black enamel near the jewel, also enhances its effect and brilliancy. It has been a fashion of late years to set diamonds in red gold, which shows their metallic luster to much advantage; but there is now a return in taste to the old-fashioned silver setting, or a very slight rim of fine gold. Small brilliants look best in the silver setting, or "seeded" over an

enameled surface. One of the most beautiful diamond ornaments seen at our great jewel palace in New York, is in the form of a peacock ornament for the hair. It has its tail-feathers expanded and its head erect in the favorite attitude of the bird of Juno. Its eye is a sapphire, its beak a small deep-yellow topaz. The rest of the bird is entirely of small diamonds, forming a mosaic over the whole body and tail-feathers, save that the eye of each feather is formed of a sapphire. The deep, lustrous blue of the sapphires in this ornament, and the orange-yellow of the topaz, contrast finely with the white luster of the brilliants. The price of this pretty bauble is only three thousand dollars; but it has no large diamonds in it.

Whenever I enter this jewel palace, whether I have diamonds to purchase or not, I linger longest at the diamond coun-ter. It is a fine place to study character. From the wily game of the polite but insouciant salesmen behind the counter, who take the jewels out of their cases in dainty fingers, to the petted child of fortune in her furred and embroidered Dolman, who listlessly turns her eyes from one to the other costly bijou, or the poor cousin, or humble friend, who has been brought along to express herself, and feel the gnawings of suppressed envy, while admiring and assisting in the purchase of what she can never enjoy, the scene as enacted from day to day is worthy of a Hogarth's pencil. There are always more persons at this counter, too, belonging to that large class the French describe as "gobes des mouches." No wonder the salesmen look so indifferent and half-contemptuously at the supposed purchasers. They have quick eyes and know the curiosity-hunters and "gobes des mouches," from bona-fide purchasers.

The wary and posted buyer, either for herself or others, never concludes her purchase on a first visit. She looks at the diamonds on display in the great glass case, and, making her wish known to purchase, says she will "come to-morrow morning."

he next morning when she comes is obsequiously ushered into a gorgeous little boudoir, in which there is a great safe full of set and unset diamonds. She wishes to see the unset gems, of course, names the price and style of ornament she wishes to purchase, and then the serious work of buying begins. The great safe is opened, and from one of its compartments or drawers the jewels are shoveled out on a tray covered with purple velvet. If she knows to select, it is well for her, or the friend for whom she purchases; but, if not, the wily diamond-dealer soon discovers her igno rance and is not overscrupulous in taking advantage of it. All the gems there are real, of course, but, there is a great difference in the value of real gems. One or two hundred dollars more or less on the price of ten or twenty large diamonds make a considerable difference in favor of or against the purchaser; and it is just as easy to say eleven hundred dollars as one thousand, or five hundred instead of four hundred and fifty. Only those who are expert in dia mond purchasing can detect a shade of difference between a thousand-dollar gem and one priced twelve or fifteen hundred. When the lady leaves the diamond room she may be several thousands out of pocket in this way, with nothing in return but jewels she could have bought, with experience to guide her, with several thousands saved. Let her take her diamonds to broker to be valued, if she doubts my word. But I have digressed a little, perhaps, from the commencement of my chat this week with the readers of the "Woman's World."

I have given all this long talk about dia monds in anticipation of my own deathbed utterance. I may not be as noble a woman as the one with whose dying words I began this article; but, I wish to be true to myself and true to my sex; and, when I read that "noble woman's dying words," there was an echo in my heart which rung out, "Diamonds!" I remembered that, twenty years ago, I invested ten thousand dollars in uncleared Southern plantation lands, scorned the advice given by a dear friend now no more, to invest my money in dia-monds. My lands are worthless, and have long since been sold to pay taxes. My diamonds would have been worth as much today as twenty years ago; I would have gratified a large circle of friends by wearing them in the days of my prosperity and in glorious summer of my womanhood; while, in the autumn of my days, they would have secured a home and comforts for so many that now need them.

Gentle friend of twenty summers—you whose eye I know will linger kindly and lovingly over this utterance—take my advice: fear not the taunts of the envious who would turn you from your purpose with the cry of "What vanity! to spend so much money for useless diamonds, instead of feeding the poor!" Buy your diamonds with part of your money. You are encouraging art, trade, and esthetic taste, while providing a certain amount for the dark days which are almost sure to come in the financial existence of every woman. EMILY VERDERY.

#### Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, leagth. Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page namber.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unsavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

The following contributions we must decline, and return the MS. where stamps were inclosed for such purpose, viz.; "Where Art Thou?" "The Tell-tale Water;" the "Health Essays," by J. S. M., Jr.; "The Scout's Strategy;" "Lost on the Border;" "The Wood-nymph's Call;" "A Weather Prophet;" "A Ghost of a Chance?" "The Prisoner of the Parlor;" "Minerva's Triumph;" "Not a Word for Mercy;" "Mr. Brent's New Wife;" "The Minister's Mistake;" "Three Tines Won and Four Times Lost;" "The Tragedy of the Bridge;" "A Violin's Complaint.

Miss T. C. Write to Secretary of Vassar College for Catalogue. The expense there is considerably more than \$500 per year. ALLEN. The MSS, referred to were all carefully considered and decided unavailable. We never 'throw over' MSS, without proper examination. MRS H., of G. We certainly do not care to "en-rage" a writer wholly unknown to us and to litera-

ALFRED C. B. Poems are not wanted; yet all good poems are welcomed, and used as far as space will permit.

B. B. F. We can not especially write you about our "defects."

John defects. We refer elsewhere to the authority under which the P. O. Department confiscates correspondence and authors' manuscripts.

D. E. K. Your poems doubtless are "awaiting their turn." They are not lost.

ABE LARK. Read the papers; and, see answer to nother correspondent. LUCIA. No special meaning is attached to the urning down of the corners of the letter.—To clean elaster of Paris use a thin wash of whiting or zinc

The little sketch by E. J., Detroit, would read better if incident were woven into rhyme.

PERSONDE. You can not "castle" when "in check," in playing chess.—"The Wolf Demon," we already have stated many times may have to be republished to meet the universal call, but no date can be fixed for such reproduction.

can be fixed for such reproduction.

Fireman. The Paris Fire Department is said to be the most efficient in the world. It has a "fire brigade," with semi-police or military authority, always on the patrol. The Loudon Fire Department is very efficient, The American Steam Fire Engine has been adopted throughout all the European cities, our own Fire Department (N. Y. city) is efficient, but is not so skilled, swift and well equipped as the fire brigades of London and Paris, nor is our supply of water so great as to warrant any increase of the present force of engines.

ARTHUR CLIVE. The phrase Credit Mobilier

present force of engines.

ARTHUR CLIVE. The phrase, Credit Mobilier, now so frequently used, implies a credit based on personal (or mobile, movable) property, and a credit based on real or fixed property is called a Credit based on real or fixed property is called a Credit based on real or fixed property is called a Credit based on real or fixed property is called a Credit based on real or fixed property is called a Credit these French phrases, now all too common in Journalism and speech. The Credit Mobilier, therefore, is a scheme for raising money on personal securities, and such securities being bonds, mortgages, stock, etc., it is only necessary to issue bonds, mortgages and stock, by some corporate power, to raise large amounts of money on them, for purposes legitimate or otherwise, just as the parties concerned are honest or dishonest.

PERCY B. G. An Arab horse is not necessarily a

ed are honest or dishonest.

PERCY B. G. An Arab horse is not necessarily a "thorough-bred." Many horses in Barbary are of inferior stock. It is to be presumed, if a few superior brood mares or stallions were turned loose among the Texan wild horses or mustang droves, that the breed of wild horses would become the best in the world for speed and endurance. There are, in Arabia and Barbary, certain breeds or stock which are regarded as so pure as to be precious, and only the wealthiest Arabs and Bedouins can possess them. This is also true of horses in Tartary and Persia. Some of the Tartar horses of Central Asia are among the finest in the world.

C. B. L. We know nothing in regard to the new

are among the mest in the world.

C. B. L. We know nothing in regard to the new seedling tomato you speak of. The "General Grant," the "Tilden" and the "Trophy" varieties are all extremely good, and are all that any garden can desire. Any thing better is simply impossible. And, as for potatoes, the Early Rose is unquestionably the best to grow. It not only is equally good early or late, but it is extraordinarily prolific with good ground to mature in. Plant in drills or hills,

MATTIE WESTFIELD. Boots to match the color of the dress are the most stylish for ladies for evening wear, though a black kid boot is always de riqueur. Boots should not be too highly ornament-

MOTHER. It is extravagance to get for young oys fine silk velvet for suits, for finely-finished elveteen is just as good, and can be purchased at ne-fourth the price you pay for velvet.

BELLE BOYD sends us the information that "five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H:" for instance, Heart, Hope, Home, Happi-ness and Heaven.

LAW STUDENT. We believe that the Vice-President elect, Hon. Henry Wilson, is the eleventh Senator who has been elected to that responsible position—the others being Aaron Burr, John C. Zalhoun, Richard M. Johnston, Martin Van Burch, John Tyler, George M. Dallas, William R. H. King, John C. Breckenridge, Hannibal Hamlin and Andrew Jackson.

Massex. You can prevent glue from becoming our and moldy by adding to it a quantity of car-onate of soda, just sufficient to give a strong smell Miss H. C. G. Take an old kid glove, cut it in strips half an inch wide and roll them up tight, and you will find it makes an excellent lacing for sew-ing-machine belts, as well as for the belts of other machine machine.

ing-machine belts, as well as for the belts of other machinery.

Mrs. Henry C. To clean your gold chains, put them in a small glass bottle, with warm water, a little tooth powder and some soap; cork the bottle and shake it violently for a while. The friction against the glass cleans the gold, while the soap and powder extract every particle of grease and dirt from the most intricate chains. Rinse in clear cold water, dry with a towel, and the polish will be all you could desire.

Artist. The great picture of the "Last Supper" was painted by Leonardo da Vinci, at the request of Ludovico, the Duke of Milan. It is painted upon the walls of the Refectory, in the Dominican Convent of the Madonna delle Grazie, and is supposed to have been commenced about the year 1497. The artist was four years in its completion. The head of the Lord was never finished by Leonardo, as he considered himself incompetent for so great a task; yet artists of far less fame than Leonardo have retouched it.

N. C. L. A peculiar principle of coffee is called coffeine, acting as a stimulant preventing sleep or drowsiness, and causing greater mental as well as bodily activity. Some chemists assert that it prevents, in a great degree, the too rapid waste of the tissues, so that life can be sustained upon a smaller quantity of food than would be the case without the use of coffee.

use of coffee.

SUFFERER. We know of no real cure for sick headache, though it can be partially subdued by close attention to the general health. Some persons say that a sick headache arises from biliousness, while others assert that it is only nervous people who thus suffer. It is, however, hereditary in families. The best remedies are those which act upon the nervous system, such as hot coffee and tea. Sometimes the smell of spirits of ammonia gives relief. A wet bandage tied tightly around the head is beneficial.

ANNE LAWYON. Ledies should not be so people.

ANNE LAWTON, Ladies should not be so negli-gent of their health as to utterly ignore the laws of lature, for they frequently wear their dresses so ight as to really interfere with their breathing. Were men to be belted as tightly as are women, hey would gasp for breath, and yet girls and wo-men continue to lace and belt, and allow dressma-

in life.

Cook. To test your coffee, whether there is chickory in it or not: drop a little in a tumbler of clean cold water; if chickory is present, the particles will at once drop to the bottom of the tumbler; imparting a deep amber color to the water, while the coffee will float for a much longer time, and the water will be but slightly colored.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear



#### THREE PICTURES.

BY A. P. M., JR.

It matters not what the whole of it.
But the scene was brief, and the words were hot and harsh.

The fair form of the girl was bent to kneeling; she

The fair form of the girl was bent to kneeling; she wept.

Zollee of Hoath was sad, and they were bitter tears that stained her soft, smooth cheeks.

And he towered above the bowed child—the father in his iron of heart—a blighter of heavenly hopes and sweeter blisses.

In his eye there was fire; on his brow, the cross-wrinkle of wrath nutured an unholy darkness.

And down the path of flowers, from the cot, walked the disfavored lover with his weight of sorrow. The damp of failure was upon his soul—Zollee of Hoath was not for him,

So said the father of his gem.

And Nature round the spot was silent pitifully; for the law was said.

The storm-god raged.

The vast sea surged, and the waves, in their gigantic shapes of fright, dashed together with a sullen roar.

Through the black sky flashed the sudden flame, hissing and darting amid the murked illimitable.

itable.

And in the seething vortex plunged a boat. Its sail was set, despite the skurrying gale; like a bird, it shot forth in the pale of gloom.

Howl! Howl! sung the angry winds.

And tossing, rolling, groaning, straining—on went the fated bark.

the fated bark.

Two forms clung together at the rudder-wheel.

Zollee of Hoath and her lover braved the storm.

It was a ride to death!

Howl! Howl! shrieked the voices of the rainy
Spirits; the loud thunders boomed their fary
figures.

fiercer.

Naught could survive the turmoil of the elements.

The frail craft pitched; the gurgling waters burst upon it in devouring wrath.

Down! Down! to the chaos of the deep it went.

Two forms struggled for a moment on the mountained bosom.

"Save! Save!' rose the plaintive cry.

"Our Savior is beyond the lowering skies!" the lover said.

lover said.
And then, in the triumph of their faith, they sunk.
Howl! Howl! broke the winds afresh; a shrick of
glee pierced through the thund rous air.
For they had perished.

\* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Two graves on the high ground, near to the scene of death.

The storm had passed; the sea had yielded up its prey; the waters layed the shore with a sacred

The storm had passed; the sea had yielded up its prey; the waters laved the shore with a sacred murmur.

And there comes, through the vernal aisle of the bordering forest, a man who is old in youth—with white hair on a head that crst was black. His form is bent to the support of a crooked cane; his face is pale, and the glance of his eye is restless and weary.

Between the flowered mounds he halts—a wanderer. All around is hushed, save the anthems of the birds, and the soft wash of the ambered waves as they beat the glittering sands—

The wanderer gazes on the taleful earth; yet, though his lips move, he speaks not. Voice, he has none, for the mind is crushed and sore, as he looks back through the vista of memory—longing to blot out one, just one rude picture of the past.

His heart is full to bursting; he weeps.

The tears are the tears of woe; his breast is writhing full of misery.

It is a parent's grief; it is the gnawing of remorse. And he sinks to his knees beside the weird place of the dead, and two worn hands are clasped in a repentful prayer.

Soon, on one mound he pillows his aching head. He has sought forgiveness of the Angeled pair; camness smooths the sorrow from his brow. The gay flowers round him nod in whispers; the air is filled with strangeness; the birds sing lower while they play; the murmur of the sea is like a mourning for the dead.

Toll! Toll! the muffled bell in the village spire.

The wanderer's soul has winged to meet the lovers, in the broad field of the beautiful Beyond!

Toll! Toll! the muffled bell in the vinage of the wanderer's soul has winged to meet the love in the broad field of the beautiful BEYOND!

# The Red Queen.

A ROMANCE OF OLD FORT DU QUESNE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "LAURA'S PERIL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MEETING IN THE WOOD. Toward the close of a sultry day in August, 1758, a young man, dressed in the garb of a trapper, but with a decidedly military bearing, and a remarkably handsome face and form, stood on the right bank of the Monongahela river a few miles above its junction with the Allegheny, and looked

moodily out upon the waters.

He was evidently in trouble; one could see that by the way in which he knit his brows, and occasionally bit his nether lips until the blood almost came.

After standing in silence for some time, he leaned his rifle against a tree, and sat down upon a huge rock, which projected into the stream.

The sun sunk lower and lower; the high cliffs on the opposite bank began to cast their dark shadows into the waters, and the forest aisles on every side of the young stranger were beginning to gather the shadows of the coming night.

But he seemed oblivious of all this, and it was not until his quick ear caught the sound of approaching footsteps that he looked up, and stood face to face with a tall, majestic Indian.

The young man leaped to his feet at once and grasped his weapon, but the red-man smiled at the menace, and said, in broken English The white brother is too fast-he would

shed blood when there is no cause. You see I carry no firearms."

The voice was calm, grave, even reproving, and the young man lowered his rifle at once, and answered:
"I would not quarrel with you without reason. But, who are you that you dare go

abroad in such times as these unarmed? I am one who knows you well," replied the Indian. "I know your innermost

thoughts; your every action. I am Tennesaw, the prophet of the Mingoes. My mission is peace, and therefore I go not

The young man smiled incredulously as he said:
"This is all very well to assert; but, if you know me as intimately as you profess,

you can surely tell me my name, and some thing of my past. You scoff at my knowledge; you be-

lieve Tennesaw a knave, but I will convince you that I am not a vain boaster, and that not only your past life is known to me, but your future as well."
"Well, then, let us have my name, if you please," interrupted the young man.
"Your name is Robert Ashmore," replied

Tennesaw, looking his companion straight

The latter flushed scarlet, and stammered:
"You are mistaken in that guess, Sir Pro-

phet. My name is Cory.' Tennesaw made an impatient gesture,

and replied:

"Pshaw; don't attempt to deceive me;
I am your friend. You are the son of
Richard Ashmore, of Maryland. You were
a captain under the ill-starred Braddock. After that terrible day of slaughter and de feat, you dragged yourself to the cabin of a Scotchman on the Yougligheny river, and he concealed you from your pursuers for sifted, falling at last in two months. While in that lowly cabin patches on tent and sward.

you met, admired and loved Bella Carlyon, the daughter of your protector, and when you quitted Roger Carlyon's cabin to re-turn to your friends you told her how deep and intensely you loved her. You were betrothed there and then, and now after a long absence you return to the wilderness to find that your lady-love and her family have fled, no one knows where."

The young man, who had been listening with open-mouthed wonder to all this, now asked, eagerly:

"And since you know so much, and claim to be a prophet, can you tell me where Bella Carlyon is now?"

"Then tell me-where is she?" "Ten miles west of this spot on the Ohio," replied Tennesaw. "But, you must restrain your impatience for a while. There danger in your path. The French, at Fort Du Quesne, having learned that General Forbes is marching against them, are extremely vigilant, and are scouring the woods in all directions in quest of spies. If you are caught you will be shot like a

"And who, pray, are you that takes such an interest in my affairs?" asked Robert, unable to stifle his astonishment. "I never saw you before in my life."

"Don't be so sure of that," replied Tennesaw. "I am your friend, however, because you love the fairest flower in all these forest wilds, and I would serve you."

The last words were spoken in very plain English, and Robert, glancing quickly up into Tennesaw's face, said:

"You are not what you seem, and if my surmise is right, you are a white man." "You have a keen eye, and good judgment," replied Tennesaw, after a pause, "and therefore I rely upon the latter to keep my secret safe. I see you are curious to know the meaning of this disguise, but the time for unmasking has not yet come; but if you obey me strictly, you may learn

at an early day my secret."
"But how do I know you will prove true to me?" demanded Robert. Because, if I had desired to work you harm, you would now be awaiting the doom of a spy in Du Quesne," was the an-

"And you say you know Bella Carlyon? As well as if she were my own child."

"And you are not her enemy?"
"No more than I am yours. I love
Bella Carlyon as well as if I were her father.

"This is very strange," muttered Robert, half aloud. "There are a great many strange things in this world," answered the prophet, no longer disguising his voice, "and when you are as old as I, and have experienced

as much as I have, you will appreciate this fact more fully than you can do now." There was a tinge of sadness in the old man's voice as he concluded, and Robert Ashmore began to feel that he could trust

him—even with his life.
"You would like to see Miss Carlyon?" continued the prophet.
"Yes, I would gladly risk my existence to see her—if but for a moment."

"Then you shall be gratified."
"When?" "To-morrow night." "Why not to-night? I can surely walk ten miles before bedtime yet."

"Possibly; but you must curb your impatience. I can guide you there to-morrow. Without my aid you might fall into the hands of the French. Besides, I have news which it would be well for you to hear, and advice which it would be well for you to head." for you to heed."

Well, speak out: what do you advise?" "You know—that is, you have met— Allequippa, the Indian princess?"
"The Red Queen of the Mingoes?"

"The same."
"Yes," replied Robert. "She favors the English, and some four weeks since I visited her tribe to ask them to co-operate with Forbes' army against Du Quesne." And she promised that she would do

her best to carry her tribe over to your interests?" interrupted Tennesaw. How know you this?" asked Robert. "As I know every thing else," was the answer—"by instinct. But I now bring you a message from Allequippa, and for the sake of the cause for which you fight, I

pray you humor her whim."
"If it be reasonable, I will." Then, Allequippa loves you.' "Loves me!" exclaimed Robert. "That is indeed a whim, but one which my manhood refuses to humor, sir.'

"But if you would be safe to win and wed Bella Carlyon, you must humor this wed Bella Carlyon, you must humor this red beauty." The prophet spoke earnestly now, and with a certain air of authority.
"But you would not have me deceive the girl?" demanded Robert.
"No; I would not have you deceive her; but I would have you to see her, and

after talking to her kindly, tell her frankly that you love another."
"Do you think this is a wise way to deal

with a savage?" asked Robert. "May she not take umbrage and turn her wrath either on me or Bella?"

"I will attend to that. She will be guided by the prophet of her people." Robert Ashmore paused a moment to think, and then said:

'I have never seen you before, but there is something about you that assures me you are honest. Believing this to be so, I consent to your programme."

"You are a young man of good sense," answered Tennesaw, grasping the outstretched hand; "and to-morrow your stretched hand; "and to-morrow your eyes shall behold her whom you so devotedly love."

The two men walked off together, turning their backs to the river as they went.

CHAPTER II. THE QUEEN.

THE camp of the Mingoes was pitched in the heart of a deep ravine, through the cen-ter of which a sparkling rivulet rippled over a bed of polished pebbles, as if to mingle its pure waters with the muddy current of the Monongahela, while on either side of the ravine, tall, gnarled oaks, broad-leafed maples, and slender hickories lifted their stately heads, and flung out their emerald banners, as to screen the camp from the fierce rays of the sun, and the eyes of skulking enemies as well.

It was after sunset when Tennesaw and Robert Ashmore came in sight of the camp, but the sky was still brilliant with crimson gold and vivid scarlet flashes, and down through the interlacing branches the light sifted, falling at last in bright, fantastic

In front of many of the rude tents, which were constructed of hides and branches, dusky squaws were busy building fires and preparing the evening meal, while on the banks of the rivulet mentioned were stretched a number of painted savages, talking in their mother tongue of the ex-citements of the war-path and the chase.

It was a very peaceful, even pretty scene, set in a leafy frame, and capped with clouds of blue smoke, which curled lazily up from the camp-fires.
When Tennesaw was discovered there

was a shout of welcome from the men, and the women waved their hands in greeting. He spoke to them in their own language, and told them that Ashmore was an Englishman, who was desirous of making a treaty with them, and that in a day or two he

would present them with many beautiful This was good news, to a majority at least, and again they shouted aloud, while some of the more enthusiastic even capered around Ashmore, and smiled in his fa

Tennesaw noticed, however, that White Eagle, one of the most popular braves in the tribe, stood apart and neither smiled nor spoke.
"There is danger in him," muttered the

There is danger in him, indicered the prophet, "and I must be on my guard."

Then, turning to one of the women, he asked where the queen was.

"In her tent," was the reply.

"Then go and tell her Tennesaw, the prophet, and his English friend are here."

The women hurried off to the furthest

The woman hurried off to the furthest end of the ravine. Presently she returned, and bade them follow her, as the queen was anxious to see the visitors. "You see how eager she is to see you,"

remarked the prophet to Robert; "treat her advances kindly, and all will be well; if you don't do this, her pique may cost you your life." The young man promised, and the trio

walked on in silence. The tent of Allequippa was made of the finest and rarest skins, and the interior was decorated with the brightest plumage of forest birds.

In the center of the tent the young queen stood, dressed in a short hunting-skirt, pro-fusely ornamented with feathers and colored beads, while her small, well-shaped feet were incased in moccasins exquisitely

She was very beautiful. Her limbs were softly rounded, her form supple and lithe, and, when she walked, her step was light and bounding as a fawn's. Her eyes, dark and lustrous, seemed to be swimming in liquid brightness; her lips were full, ripe and red; and, although her hair was a trifle coarse, it swept down her back, black and

glittering as a raven's wing. Unlike most of her tribe, her skin was more the color of a rich olive than copperish, and, taken altogether, Robert Ashmore thought her lovely.

'Tis true he had seen her before, but that was in the midst of her tribe; and, although he then recognized that she had some claim to beauty, he never realized how very handsome she was until now.

Her eyes blazed when they met Robert Ashmore's admiring gaze, and, advancing frankly, she extended her hand and said: "Allequippa is glad to see her pale-faced friend, and he is welcome."

Ashmore took the proffered hand and kissed it, saying: "I'm equally glad to meet the Queen of the Mingoes once more." "Have you thought of me since we parted last?" she asked.
"Often," was the reply.

"And I have never had a thought that was not linked with you." She spoke frankly and artlessly, showing clearly that she had not been schooled in deception, and that she understood nothing of the coy wiles of her pale-faced sisters. Tennesaw at this point prudently remarked that Captain Ashmore was very anxious

to secure her assistance against the French, and that the Great Spirit would be pleased if she would give his proposal a kindly ear.
"We will follow the will of Maneto and his prophet," answered Allequippa, "and

to-night we will call the tribe together, and talk with them."
"Until then I will bid you farewell," said the prophet, and withdrew.

When he had gone, the young Queen mo-tioned Ashmore to a seat, and he told her then of the powerful army General Forbes had under him, and that, within a few months at furthest, that army would drive the forces of Joucaire from the valley of

"Then you shall have strong allies to protect you from the hostile Shawnees, and warm friends to make glad your days," he said, in conclusion.

Her whole face was glowing with a beautiful enthusiasm, and she said, rapturously: And Allequippa will have her palefaced chief ever by her side. There will be no more war, no more massacres, no more pain. The skies will be not more

calm and peaceful than these forest glades and we will only live to love each other and be happy He was holding both her hands, but, as she finished speaking, he loosed his grasp, and said, saily:

"Allequippa is good, and pure, and beautiful, and I would be her friend; but I can not remain with her always. She must not build her hopes on such a foundation; she must love one of her own race and be hap-

py with him as his wife."

The Queen started back, and exclaimed: Then you hate me?" "No, no, I do not hate you," he replied, promptly. "I admire you, respect you, and but that before I met you, my heart

was already another's, I could not help loving you. Allequippa buried her face in her hands and moaned.

Her anguish touched the young man's heart, and he said, very tenderly
"Don't grieve, beautiful Queen. There
are others among my people who will love you very dearly."

She raised her head proudly, and an-

swered: "Allequippa has many lovers; she is not so poor that she must court every pale-face. No; if you do not care for me, you can not select for me."

Ashmore was alarmed at this sudden outburst, and fearing that he could not control the tempest his words had evoked, "You are not my enemy, Allequippa-

She looked up into his face a moment;

then, with a little cry, she sprung into his arms, exclaiming: "Oh, no, no! Allequippa could not hate you. Only think of her sometimes kindly, and she will be your slave."

"Ah, no; not my slave; but my own beautiful forest sister!" he said, tenderly kissing her.

> CHAPTER III. THE WOOD SPY.

ROGER CARLYON'S cabin was a rough hewn log affair, of two stories. It stood on the bank of the Ohio river, at the mouth of what is now known as Charter's creek, just two miles below where the city of Pittsburgh stands. But, in the year of grace 1758, there was nothing to be seen on the tongue of land at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela but the low wooden walls of Fort Du Quesne, and Carlyon's home was sur-rounded by a howling wilderness.

Possibly there was not a more comfortable backwoods home west of the mountains, for Mrs. Carlyon was tidiness and thrift personified, while Bella, her only child, had wonderful taste. This she gave evidence of, in the manner in which she trained the wild-flowers and creeping vines to clamber up the sides of her rude home, and along the eaves, and over the roof, until their clinging tendrils formed a net-work of rare beauty, and almost screened

the house itself from view. Although it was known by Colonel Joucaire, the commandant at Du Quesne, that Carlyon was an Englishman and an ardent supporter of King George, still he was never molested. Indeed, the garrison had received strict orders from Joucaire to treat the Carlyons with the greatest deference. Some persons were astonished at this favor as was Roger Carlyon himself, but the cause of this clemency was made known to the latter when the French colonel visited him one day and asked the privilege of

paying court to Bella. "I love your daughter," he said, "truly love her, and, if you consent to my marriage with her, she may one day be a countess."
"Colonel, I am much obliged to you for your respectful consideration, but my daugh-

ter's hand is at her own disposal, and you will have to win her, not me These were plain, honest Roger Carlyon's words, and although they evinced none of the warmth of enthusiasm which Joucaire had expected, still they were respectful, and the Frenchman politely thanked him

for them. From that day Joucaire paid many attentions to Bella. He brought her flowers for her hair, and one time a piece of costly French lace. The first she always accept-ed, but the lace she refused to take, saying: No, Colonel Joucaire, I have no need for that here in the wilderness; besides, it is too costly a gift to receive from one who

is comparatively a stranger. 'But, we may not be strangers," he said, impulsively, and then he told her the story

of his passion. She listened to him in silence, and, when he paused for a reply, told him, then and there, without the least hesitation, that she liked him as a friend, but that her feeling for him was no deeper, and, possibly, never would be.

"But I have faith in my power to win, mademoiselle," he said, "and I can wait." After that he came regularly, three times a week, but it was only on rare occasions he had an opportunity of speaking alone

She was very shy in his presence now; in fact, her waking hours were given wholly to dreaming of Robert Ashmore, and wondering if he would ever come back and claim her for his own, as he had promised. She had a firm belief that he would do so; but, as month after month rolled away,

and she heard no tidings from the absentee, she began to entertain serious doubts of his Then her father removed from his old home on the Monongahela to their present abode, and this fact gave her cause to fear

that, even if Robert ever did come back, he would not be able to find her. Tennesaw, the Indian prophet, however, had informed her father of the approach of Forbes' army but a few days before the date on which our story opens, and this gave her grounds to hope that Captain Ashmore would return with the advancing

Bella Carlyon was a tall, pretty, blue-eyed blonde, with skin as white and transparent as snowy wax, and drifts of hair that looked very much like skeins of refined gold. She had been born there in the wil-derness; had had little chance for intel-lectual improvement, but her mother, who was a refined, intelligent woman, spared no pains in teaching her daughter all she knew herself, and so Bella acquired an education that helped not a little to enhance her charms, and outshine all the lassies in

On this bright August afternoon, Bella was seated in the deep, cool doorway of her home, engaged in sewing, occasionally stopping to peep into a bright volume of verses which Captain Ashmore had given her; and then she would run the verses over in her mind, and ply the needle industriously

It was a quiet scene; the air was drowsy and warm; the broad Ohio rolled its sheeny tide down at the foot of the little brambly path, and the creek gurgled along over its rocky bed, singing a dull old tune as it went.

"It's very stupid sitting here," she said to herself. Then, rising, she put away her sewing, and, book in hand, walked down

the path toward the river.

When she had almost reached the water's edge, she turned aside, and seating herself under the protecting branches of a huge maple, began again to read.

The crackling of branches, as if some person was trying to push their way through the underbrush, aroused her at last, and she was about to turn her steps homeward, when, from a by-path, sprung a young man, and looking up, she recognized n the new-comer the face and form of Ro

bert Ashmore! He opened his arms wide. "Bella Carl-

yon, don't you know me?"
Yes, she knew him; knew him well; and with a glad cry, she bounded into his arms, and nestled her head upon his breast.

"I thought you were never coming back," she said, at length.
"Oh, yes; I could not stay away. But that you were here, darling, I would never have left Maryland again. My experience at Braddock's defeat was sufficient to chill my enthusiasm for border warfare. But this far wilderness holds a magnetic influence over me, as long as you are in it, dar-

They were very happy now, and, arm in arm, they strolled along the margin of the stream, talking of the past and building fairy castles for the future.

He told her then of the magnitude of General Forbes' army, and wound up by saying: "This will not be an ill-fated ex-pedition like Braddock's and Grant's. We have come, this time, prepared to deal with a treacherous, wily foe, and, before two months pass, the colors of France will no onger float over the ramparts of Du Quesne.

She believed him, and so she said: "And after the fort is taken, will you remain here?"

"No, not here, exactly," was the reply.
"I will make a certain pretty forest flower
Mrs. Captain Ashmore, and then I will transplant her to the Chesapeake.

plant her to the Chesapeake."

She blushed a little; then he stooped down and kissed her; and, turning their steps in the direction of the house, they soon disappeared in the shadowy, leafy isles.

They had scarce done so when a stout, handsome man, dressed in the garb of a French soldier, raised himself up from behind a clump of locusts which grew close to the river's brink, and, shaking his fist excitedly after the lovers, exclaimed:

"Curse you both! I now see why I have failed to win the beauty. I have a rival—eh? And such a rival, too! Ah! by St. Louis, I'll make short work of him; and as for you, Bella Carlyon—you shall be mine, either by foul or fair means!"

His face was purple with rage, and his

His face was purple with rage, and his bulky frame was all a-tremble. He turned back to the river again, where

The turned back to the river again, where a canoe, with two Indians in it, was moored, and seating himself in the stern, he said:

"Row back to the fort."

They took up their paddles at once, and soon the long, slender craft was creeping up La Belle River, toward Du Quesne.

(To be continued.)

# Rocky Mountain Rob,

THE CALIFORNIA OUTLAW: OR,

The Vigilantes of Humbug Bar. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND
KIT," "RED MAZEFPA," "ACE OF SPADES,"
"HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF
NEW YORK," "A STRANGE
GIRL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII. A STEP IN THE DARK. WITH a desperate effort Dick freed his wrists from the bonds that bound them, then, with outstretched hands, advanced. It was a fearful moment of suspense, for he knew not but that each step might bring

his feet upon the rattlesnake, to feel it strike into his flesh. The tide of luck was with Talbot this time, however, for he managed to gain the passage - way without encountering the

With outstretched hands he groped his way along in the darkness, stumbling every now and then over the rocks which ob-structed his way. The passage wound like a serpent's track through the rock, and Talbot's hands bore many a bleeding gash where they had come in contact with the jagged walls ere he had proceeded a dozen

Whither he was going he knew not; he stumbled blindly on. Of one thing alone he was certain: behind him were the merciless outlaws who had doomed him to death; before him, a possible chance of es-cape. He knew full well that the roadagents would soon be in hot pursuit, so he hastened onward with all the speed that he

Wild with terror, the outlaw, who had so narrow an escape from the rattlesnake, stumbled his way through the darkness back to the chamber which, among the outlaws, bore the name of the "council-The stricken man had fallen. hall." scarcely a dozen paces away from the spot

of his disaster.

Rocky Mountain Rob and some five of the road-agents, their masks laid aside, were in consultation when Talbot's guard, his fingers bleeding from contact with the breathlessly into the light. Seizing their weapons, all rose in alarm—their first thought being that they had been surprised in their stronghold.

"Bandy's bit by a rattlesnake!" cried the man, in horror. A rattlesnake!" "Yes; it was coiled up in the cell, and when Bandy went to put the prisoner in, the cursed thing struck him."
"And Talbot?" Rob questioned.

"What's the matter?" demanded the chief.

"I guess the snake went for him, too; I heard the thing rattle for a second strike."

"You blundering fool; he may have escaped!" cried Rob, in wrath. "And if he succeeds in getting out into the open air, he'll bring the whole country down upon our hiding-place.'

"If he has got away from the snake, he'll never be able to get out; the devil himself couldn't find his way out without a guide in the darkness," the man protested, dog-"Take the lights and come on at once!" commanded Rob, rising, as he replaced the mask upon his face. Seizing a candle, he

advanced to the passage-way—the band all following. Through the winding passage-way they astened. The flickering light of the canhastened. dle dimly illuminated the darkness of the

Soon they stood by the side of their comrade, now writhing in agony.
"What's the matter, Bandy?" questioned Rob.

"A rattlesnake bit me, captain," moaned the outlaw; "I kin feel the poison swelling in my veins." 'Take him away, two of you; cut out the bite with your knives, burn the spot with a hot iron, then fill him with whisky.

Let him drink all he can—a quart, if his stomach will hold it—and the rest of you come on with me. In obedience to this command, two of the road-agents carried their comrade away, while on through the winding gallery in the rock went the rest of the roadagents, intent upon hunting down the hu-

man prey.

By the dim light of the candles they could easily trace the footsteps of the fugitive in the clear white sand which formed

the floor of the cave.
"Where does this passage lead to?" demanded Rob, as he led on the trackers. "Nowhar, capt'in; it goes chuck into the rock," replied one of the men. "It's durned queer that we don't hear any thing

"He's hiding in some corner, perhaps?" "There ain't a corner for him to get ininto the rock. I was down hyer onc't."

The pursuers went straight on; they had ceased to track the fugitive by his

steps in the sand, as it was plainly evident that he must have gone directly onward. The passage was scarcely wide enough to permit two persons to walk abreast; it twisted first to the right and then to the left, and a hundred yards further on ended abruptly, the way barred by the impenetra-

The outlaws paused in astonishment; they had not brought the fagitive to bay, as they had confidently expected.

"The devil seize him?" cried the chief, in a rage; "where can he have hidden himself?"

The road-agents gazed at each other with blank faces. The disappearance of Talbot was incomprehensible—ay, miracu-

"P'r'aps he didn't come this way?" suggested one of the band, anxious to account for the strange event.

"Didn't we trace his footsteps in the sand?" cried Rob, angrily.
"Let us go back and track him careful-

ly," suggested another.
"A fine chance we'd have of tracking him now, by his footsteps in the sand, af-ter we've trampled like a drove of wild horses over the trail," said Rob, sarcas-

"I have it, cap'n!" cried one of the "he came as far as this and then turned back into the prison cave again."
"Perhaps so," answered Rob, thoughtfully; "but if he did do so, he can not es cape us, for there is but one road from the prison chamber, and that leads directly to the council-hall; and even if he has got as far as that, he can go no further, for the rest of the band are in the outer chamber

Then they retraced their steps; but, though they searched carefully through the vaulted chamber, and even looked into the stony cell which had been designed for Talbot's coffin and tomb, no traces of the

man could they find.

The rattlesnake, too, had disappeared the reptile had retreated into some crevice of the rock, secure from observation.

The band returned to the council-chamber and there they found other members of the gang, so it was clear that the fugitive had not come that way.

The outlaw chief was indeed terribly en-

raged at the escape of Talbot, for now it

was life against life! He must be within the cave somewhere, vs!" the chief exclaimed. "There must boys!" the chief exclaimed. "There mus be no rest for us until we find him, or dis cover in what way he has contrived to avoid our search. I thought that every corner of the cave was known to us, but there must be some secret passage in the rocks which has escaped us. So, provide yourselves with candles, and some of you make torches of the pine boughs. We'll

explore the passage again."

Aided by the lights, they searched high and low, but, as before, they found no trace of the fugitive-no secret passage in the

"This man must be Satan or one of his imps," Rob cried, in anger, as the men gathered in the council-hall, after their fruitless search.

The brigand chief now dispatched three of his trustiest men to patrol the canyons near to the mouth of the cave.

The mind of the mountain brigand was very ill at ease. If Talbot succeeded in escaping, and bore away with him the secret the cave and the means of entrance thereto, good-by to the safety of the stronghold of the road-agents! The mountain cavern would be more likely to prove their tomb, rather than their fortress.

And Talbot-keen-witted, strong-armed Injun Dick, strange blending of the iceberg and the volcano-how had he escaped from the toils of his terrible foes?

In blind haste, he had dashed onward in the darkness, not knowing whither the passage would lead, whether to freedom or to

The sharp rocks tore his outstretched hands until the red drops dripped from the white fingers; but onward he went—behind him, certain death; before him, uncertain

Talbot felt that he could not keep up the terrible pace much longer; his breath was coming thick and fast, and the great sweatdrops rolled down his forehead, when, sud denly, both hands came in contact with the surface of the jagged rock, and the terrible knowledge that he had gone to the end of the passage flashed upon him in an

With the quickness born of desperation. he tried the surface of the wall with his hands as high as he could reach, in hope to find some opening leading into another gallery like in nature to the first; but vain was the trial. He felt that he was caught like a rat in a trap. He had received but a

Strong man though he was, Talbot groaned aloud in agony. Then to his ears came a distant sound. Full well he understood the meaning of that noise. The road-agents, alarmed by their confederate, were even now upon his track, with intent to drag him back to that damp tomb from whence the poisonous reptile had saved

The distant sound of the outlaws' tread resounded, hollow and dismal, among the arches of the vaulted passage, and grew more and more distinct as they came nearer and nearer

Then the thought came to the mind of the hunted man that, perhaps, in the pas-sage-way along which he had come there might be some crevice in the rock wherein he might hide, and thus for a while escape the search.

And so, while the road-agents paused for a moment by the side of their comrade, stricken down by the fangs of the rattle-snake, Talbot, with eager, trembling hands, sought along the wall on either side for a place of concealment. It was a fearful risk, for each step that Talbot took brought him nearer and nearer to the men who were hunting him down, thirsting for his

"Heaven aid me!" cried the desperate man, in wild despair, as step after step brought him nearer and nearer to his enemies, and his hands fell only on the cold surface of the solid rock.

Ten short and feverish steps the fugitive takes; twenty times the jagged wall tears his nervous hands; then, with the curses and shouts of the outlaws ringing in his ears, as they again advance on the chase.

he catches his foot against a projecting rock and falls headlong to the ground. The fine sand cuts his face and chafes his mouth and nose; he heeds not that; he is conscious of one thing only; his right hand, extended sideways, strikes, not the solid

rock, but empty air!

Oh, joy! Level with the ground, not a foot from his head, is a rounded cavity through which his body can pass.

He thinks not of what may be within—

that perhaps he comes uninvited to the home of the rattlesnake; that the crested serpent may, even as he enters, be coiled in deadly folds ready to strike its fangs into his flesh; he thinks only that the foe is on his track, and while their feet are treading the sands of the gallery, and the flickering light of their candles pierces the gloom not ten paces from him, he drags himself through the cavity, and discovers that there is room for him to stand upright. He rises to his feet, and while, with oath and shout, the road-agents go trooping by, separated from him only by a foot of rock, with an exulting laugh he steps forward in the dark ness. A single step only, and then the laugh turns to a cry of terror, for he has stepped into empty space, and wildly clutching at the air, he goes down, down into that

CHAPTER XIV. JOHN RIMEE.

THE young stranger, who had called himself John Rimee, paid Shook for his break-fast and then left the house. Colonel Jacks, who had watched the young man intently while he was paying, followed him. Rimee called to the hostler to bring out

his horse. He evidently was ill at ease, and started with a nervous shiver when he turned and found the old soldier at his el-

bow, apparently watching him.

"A fine morning, sir," the colonel said.

"Yes, sir," returned the stranger. He did not like the scrutiny of the ex-officer, but a certain air of command—of dignity—in the ex-colonel's bearing, had its weight.
"A stranger to the Bar, I take it?" the colonel said.

"Yes," answered the stranger, just a little

abruptly.
"I trust, sir, that you will pardon my questions," the soldier continued, with stately dignity, mingled with a hauteur that was natural to the man, a gentleman by birth and breeding.
"Oh, certainly," the young stranger said,

impressed, in spite of himself, by the colonel's manner.

"I assure you, sir, that it is no idle curiosity. I question you, sir, because your face is strangely familiar to me. It recalls events which years ago shaped the whole current of my life."

The stranger listened attentively, and just a slight frown gathered on his brow. From under his long lashes he looked searchingly at the face of the colonel, as if he was striving to recall something from the past. I am sure, sir, that I shall be pleased to

afford you any information in my power," the young man replied, after quite a pause. It was as if he had been deliberating what "If I may take the liberty to ask your

name?" the colonel added. He was strangely agitated, and his usually cool gray eyes were snapping, and the pale lips were trembling under the short, bristly mustache. "John Rimee."

"Rimee-Rimee!" the old soldier repeated, slowly. He shook his head, thoughtful-That's not the name," he muttered to himself

stranger did not hear the mu sentence, but evidently guessed its meaning, for a lurid light shone in his dark eyes, and an ugly, scornful smile curled the

"I beg your pardon again, but is your fa-ther living?" the colonel asked, raising his blood-shot eyes to the face of the young

" Dead ?"

"Yes, sir."

The colonel seemed bewildered; he had but repeated the question, yet he did not em conscious of it. "Dead-he dead and I live !" The soldier

passed his hand vacantly across his fore-head, then pulled the long ends of his mustache, which he wore after the French fa-"It is not his name, and yet I am sure that it is her son; voice, eyes, hair, all alike," he murmured.

The young man waited patiently; there peculiar, half-hidden smile, which vanished when the old colonel looked him

"Is-is your mother living?" It cost the old man a throb of pain to put the ques-tion, though long years had come and gone since he had seen the woman to whom he guessed that his question referred.

"My mother died twenty-six years ago," replied the young man, slowly and distinctly; and while he spoke, his quick, black eyes never left the face of the colonel, and they seemed to rejoice when a look of pain Died twenty-six years ago!" the colonel

"Yes, sir, in France, where I was born." "France—twenty-six years ago. I was mistaken then," the colonel said, disjointedy. "I really beg your pardon, sir; I perceive that you are not the person that I took you to be. I am sorry, sir, that I have troubled you with my questions, and I trust that you will excuse me. I am not quite so

young as I once was.' With graceful dignity the old man de-livered the explanation.

"Don't mention it, sir; I am sorry that I am not the person you sought." The young man spoke kindly. His horse was then brought, and he mounted and rode slowly away, while the old man watched him with a troubled expression upon his face. "I can not understand it. I would not have believed that it is possible for any human being in this world, except her child, to possess that face. When I looked into his eyes, hers again rose up before me, soft in their melting tenderness, bright in their liquid fire. By Jove! I believe that I am in my second childhood! The voice, too;

exactly the same; every tone alike!" A gentle hand was laid upon the colonel's shoulder, which roused him from his abstractions. He turned and beheld Doc Kidder, who had just come from the Waterproof saloon.

'Ah, Doc, is that you?" "Yes; you seem all in a heap."
"Enough to make me, Doc," the colonel replied. "You remember the young man who rode up the street just before we went in to take our cocktails?"

"Yes; the young fellow with dark eyes that you said was the very image of your wife?"

'Precisely. Well, I've just had five minutes' conversation with him." Ah?"

"Yes; I could not resist the temptation to speak to him, for the likeness was so wonderful that I felt sure that he must be

And was he?" Kidder asked, carelessly. "No, no. He told his name, and said that his mother died in France twenty-six years ago.

"His name was not the one you expected

No; nothing like it. I thought that he was her child, but that he would bear the name of the man who stole her away from me. The man whom I once swore that I would kill, even if I had to hunt him through all the world, and take all the years of my life for the task."

A quiet smile came over Kidder's face; he had his own ideas in regard to killing men for such uncertain pieces of property as wo-

You are sure, then, from his statements to you, that this gentlemen is not the person you thought he was?"
"Yes."

"Now, my dear colonel," and Kidder laid his arm caressingly upon the shoulder of the other, "I hope you won't be offend-ed, but, standing in the doorway yonder, I overheard all the conversation that passed between you and this young stranger, and I did what you neglected to do, kept a close watch upon his face. I feel morally certain that he has lied to you all the way

The deuce you say !" said the colonel,

in wonder.

"Fact! I watched his eyes, and the corners of his mouth. He exhibited a great deal more interest than a mere stranger would have taken in your questions."
"How shall I discover the truth?"

"That's a difficult question to answer, my dear colonel," Kidder said, thoughtful-"By Jove I have it!" he cried, after a 'consult the fortune-teller. has just hung out her shingle at the Bar." I'll be shot if I don't, sir!" cried the exofficer.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ORACLE.

"YES, sir; I'll be shot if I don't consult the fortune-teller," the colonel repeated, emphatically; "not that I take much stock in any such humbug, but I'll do it just to see what she'll have to say about this affair. "I'll go with you, colonel," Kidder said:

"I want a leetle information myself. I've had an unusally good run of luck lately, and I'd like to see what she'd predict for the fu-ture. One of the Johns over at Chinese camp has started a little bank; and, as a good white man, I think it's my duty to suppress gambling among the heathen, so I've been thinking about going over to the camp and breaking that bank ever since I heard it was in operation.

What is it? -- monte?" "Yes, a monte bank."

"Let's have our breakfast first, and then

we'll go for the fortune teller.

The two adjourned to the dining-room of the Waterproof, eat their breakfast and sallied forth to consult the oracle of fate in the person of Colomba Merimee, "Fortune-

The two were doomed to disappointment though, for the Chinaman who came in answer to their call informed them that the fortune-teller was absent and would not be We'll have to wait then colonel." Kid-

der remarked, as they retraced their steps. "I shall call again to-night," the colonel declared; "since I've gone so far, I will go

I'm with you; we'll go after supper. "All right; which way are you going?— to the hotel?"

Yes, I want to get a little sleep; I was up all last night, you know. It's really my duty as a citizen of the Bar to-smash that bank at Chinese Camp," said Kidder, abruptly. "The Bar is the metropolis of the valley, and if there's to be any bank located this is the place. Those Johns and their monte bank must be bu'st up or we shall be ruined by Chinese cheap labor; well, good-day, colonel."

'Good-day; I'm going down to the mine

And so the two parted. The colonel went down to the mine by the bluff to superintend the putting up of a new flume designed to give a greater of water, while Kidder went to the Waterproof saloon where he had his head-quar-There he threw himself on his bunk and slept for two or three hours, then got up and amused himself with a pack of cards, trying various combinations, all designed to reduce the odds of chance to a basis of certainty.

When the great red sun sunk slowly down behind the tall white peaks of the Big-horn mountains, which fringed the western sky, and the clear waters of the Wisdom, rippling over the yellow sands of the Bar, began to cloud over with the dark shadows of the pines growing along the eastern bank of the river, the busy hum of toil, from the human hive nestled by the banks of the mountain stream and in the canyons and gulches ranging from it, grew less and less. The water no longer played against the bluff-side, washing down goldenladen earth in great masses into the sluice-ways and the "rockers" below. The sound of the blasting charge and the drilling pick tearing the quartz rock from its restingplace in the mountain's side ceased.

One by one the brawny miners, hardy sons of toil, came trooping into the Bar, intent upon bartering their hard-earned gains for the toil-sweetened bread of life or pa-

tent tanglefoot whisky.

Some came to seek beneath the canvas tents or boarded shanties for the needed rest after their day of toil; others to indulge in the fascinating game of poker, or o watch the rattle of the dice at the scientific chuck-a-luck. And, to the disgrace of the Bar, be it

said—quite a large number of "pilgrims" wended their way up the stream to the Chinese Camp, all intent upon backing the Johns' monte

News travels quickly in the mountain region, and four and twenty hours after the first miner retired "broke" from the monte-board, the fact that such a "bank" was running in the Chinese Camp was known

in every mountain mining gulch, from Humbug Bar to Geyser Spring.

After supper, Kidder and the colonel started for the fortune-teller's shanty.

On their way thither, Kidder encountered quite a number of his acquaintances; one and all, almost without an exception, announced that they were going to take a stroll up the Wisdom as far as the Chinese Camp, "maybe."

They'll either break that bank before I get there or else it will be so cussed strong as to oversize my pile," Kidder remarked, just as they got to the door of the shanty which bore the legend, "Colomba Merimee Fortune-teller."

As before, the Chinaman answered the knock. This time, however, he invited the visitors to enter, in the choicest "pigeon English," as the sage who read the future was at home. Kidder and the colonel were shown by

the heathen into the main room of the shanty, and asked to sit down. "Commee soon," the celestial said, and then retired.

A candle was burning on the table and cast its dim light over the room. A common pine table and two chairs comprised the furniture.

'Not a particularly elegant 'lay out,' colonel," Kidder remarked, after a glance around. No; Spartan simplicity."

"No stuffed owls, serpents or sable hangings to prepare the minds of the unbelievers to receive the dread secrets of futurity, Kidder continued. No; I wonder at it too, for such mum-

mery generally has great effect upon the untutored mind. Imagination goes a great way in this world. Prepare a man to expect a certain result, lead him to believe that he will see it, and he'll try very hard to do so even if he don't."

"Quite correct, colonel; but I rather think this oracle of fortune who bears the romantic name of Colomba couldn't two tougher subjects to impress with her supernatural knowledge than you and I,

"Yes; we're both in the sere and yellow leaf, and in our time have seen a little of the world.'

Men wise in their own conceit sometimes fall an easy prey to the power that perchance they may despise," said a voice, close at their elbows.

Kidder and the colonel looked and beheld a woman, clad in a dark dress and closely vailed, standing by their side. She had entered so noiselessly that they had not noticed her approach.

The two men looked at the vailed woman with curiosity. She was slender in figure, and tall and straight; young too, the outlines of her figure clearly decided that. The tone of the woman's voice astonished both the colonel and Kidder; there was

a masculine ring to it; it was as if a man was striving to imitate a woman.
"Well, gentlemen, what would you with the fortune-teller?" she asked, finding that

they did not speak. Now, truth to tell, both Kidder and the colonel were a little taken aback, as a sailor would say, by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the vailed woman, and they felt just a little nettled that she should have

overheard their words. The fortune-teller had taken them at a

disadvantage.
"Well, colonel, will you proceed first, or shall I?" Kidder asked. "You first, Doc Kidder!" cried the woman, imperiously, without giving the old soldier time to reply. "I can give you all the information you require in ten minutes, while I shall have much to say to this gen

tleman," and with her finger she indicated the colonel as she spoke. The two men looked at each other: the eller had succeeded in astonishing them already.
"Go ahead, Kidder, I'm in no hurry," the

colonel protested. 'All right, and now Miss or madam whichever may be your state in life," Kidder said, rising and addressing the vailed woman, who stood motionless as a statue by the table, "I propose to test your power by asking you a few questions.'

There is no necessity for you to question me," the woman remarked, sharply, and again the masculine ring came out clear and strong.

"Oh, you can tell my thoughts then without my putting them into words?" Kidder said, lightly, and there was a strong expression of unbelief upon his face, visible even in the dim light which pervaded the "You doubt?" the fortune-teller queried

somewhat scornfully. "Listen then and be convinced. You wish to know whether you are to be lucky or unlucky; whether you will break the monte-bank just started at the Chinese Camp, or lose your own old-dust in the attempt 2"

Despite Kidder's coolness he could not prevent a slight expression of astonishment from appearing upon his face, while the less used to concealing his emotions than the practiced gamester, looked

(To be continued—commenced in No. 152)

## The False Widow: FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE,

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "STRANGELY WED," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII. LORELIE.

"A LITTLE more of your side face, if you please, Miss Redesdale. That will do. These first sittings are most tedious, while you have to preserve the same attitude through the outlining. I'll try to make this postur-ing for a portrait as little of a torture as pos-You've no idea what a bore it gets to be after a time. To you ladies, I mean. I could go on filling in heavenly backrounds with angelic beings at the fore through the whole term of a natural earth-

'How devoted you are to your art, Mr. Well, yes; but not to this feature of it as art. I don't, and never will, excel in this branch. Strange, isn't it, how circumstances sometimes keep driving one straight out of line of the course we ought to follow?" "And drive straight to the right end al-

ways, notwithstanding.' "Do you think so? I've been skeptical on that point, but I'm half inclined to believe at last. Now, here am I, a promising young artist, they say. Never mind how much of it is promise yet. I'm sure to make my mark where I've made my special study,

at landscape painting. I've got out some pieces so deliciously natural, you might almost fancy you hear the breeze rustling through the leaves, stirring the shadows and dimpling the surface of the pools. The sunshine warms you, and the shades and tints are just as they should be. Now people ought to appreciate talent like that, and encourage it. Instead, they sweep it with one optic and a gold-mounted eyeglass,

"From nature? Really — aw — very sweet, I'm sure. Just as you say, my dear sir; very meritorious indeed, and it's a duty with us connoisseurs to draw out such genius as is displayed here. I must have the author of this around to paint Clotilde in her character as Amaranthe at our private theatricals.' By the way, I'd like to

paint you in character, Miss Redesdale."
"To encourage budding genius?"
"To gratify myself. It just struck me that you'd make a lovely Amy Robsart; say in the scene where she encounters England's queen in the gardens at Kenilworth. wouldn't do if you were one of those qualmish young ladies who have presentiments, and go into spasms of superstitious horror over the fate of the unhappy Amy. I'm not going to ask you to sit for it just yet, but I may some day when I'm spurred into

attempting such a piece." "Then I shall reserve my answer until the request is made. "To paint Clotilde in character'—that is where you broke off, I

"Yes, as a means of developing talent and patronizing the art, instead of buying the well-executed piece on exhibition, or ordering something in the same which is my line. So, because it's remunerative, I go on painting Clotildes, and leave my real talent tucked away snugly in the corner of the napkin. And that brings me to the point. Instead of working out the inspiration of silvan scenes, or wild winter landscapes—freezing my nose and stiffening my fingers in making sketches so elaborate at leisure—I am here ensconced in a room which is fitted up like a bower and-paint-

"What an abrupt stopping-place. Did you just catch yourself in time to prevent your saying something disagreeable?—another Clotilde, for instance

"Ah, you know better than that. Perhaps I may tell you some day, Miss Redesdale, why I think I may be drawing near to the happiest lot I dare hope for through be-He was rather in the habit of making speeches of this sort, which were open to the broadest kind of inference. It was like

the essence of adoration which she, in accepting, might seem to encourage, at the same time so subtly offered that she had no

choice but to accept.

"In becoming famous, I presume you mean. Who knows, when that notable piece appears? Didn't you say that I in some way suggested the idea?" "I do not mean by becoming famous, Miss Redesdale. I have said once, and I

repeat it—I never shall become famous at this sort of work. Have you any curiosity to know why people persist in driving me "Vanity, doubtless; the pleasure of seeing their features perpetuated to be regarded with reverent admiration by future gen-

erations "Not at all. No more than it is owing to my genius—I do claim to be a genius, contrary to all rules of modesty ascribed to the class. It sounds egotistical to say it, but it's owing entirely to the fact that I'm fortunate enough to possess a rather good-looking face, a rather glib tongue, and the facility of turning the two in making

pression. Confess now that you rather like my style, Miss Redesdale."

"And throw fuel on the flame of your inordinate assurance? You don't expect me to do that; or is it simply following out the usual programme? Are you so frank with all your fair sitters?"

"May be, in a manner. They don't gen-

erally wait for me to ask them, I believe. They pet and tease and make me a confidant at their own sweet wills, and consider me vastly honored by their preference-as of course I am. You'd never imagine what ecrets of flirtation and love-affairs I have safely locked within my breast."

Your own "My dear Miss Redesdale, how can you ask? A handsome young artist, if at all clever, is a good addition to any lady's repertoire; he can be made of avail in a hundred different ways. But he must remember his place, and stow his heart away from sight and touch. Fair ladies may conde-seend to flirt with him on occasions, once in a while some very youthful Miss will fall madly in love with—his classic nose and arching eyebrows; but if he presumes upon any such encouragement, there's always an irate papa or vengeful big brother to kick him down the front steps. Very properly done, too, from their standpoint. I've never stumbled across such a contretemps,

He worked away in silence for a time. Florien, watching him in that idle speculative mood she sometimes indulged, thought that it would be no difficult matter for a free-hearted romantic girl to be captivated by the dark, handsome face of the young artist. He was changed, undefinably but perceptibly, since her old acquaintance with him during her school-days. The rich bloom which tinged his cheek then had paled somewhat; he was thin, and some little lines traced themselves upon his fore-head, such as she had seen suffering bring into youthful faces. But the hair shading the wide brow was glossy raven, the black eyes were deep and inscrutable, and had lost something of their brilliant gleam—the loss was their gain-the lips set themselves in a straight red line only broken at intervals, few and far between, by that rarely sweet

It broke over them now as he glanced up and caught her gaze fixed upon him.
"What will you think of me and the ar-

rant nonsense I've been talking to you? I believe I've fallen into that way to hide that I have both pride to wound and a heart to touch. Very impolitic of a penni-less artist to have pride and a heart. You are the only person in the city who could tempt me to a confession of them. No, don't speak, please. I don't want you to say that you are sorry for me, that the odds against me must be overcome by merit, or any of the other civil things your good nature might tempt you to utter, and I do

want just that pose—that precise elevation of the chin and line of throat." " How those heartless fussy people must wound him with their patronage," thought Florry, with awakened indignation. "He is a gentleman, that is evident, and I daresay he has been treated like a lackey by those purse-proud aristocrats who order his pictures in the same way they would order a load of coals—as a mere matter of buying and selling, only as his commodity embraces brains he is left less independence than Paddy the drayman; he is made to feel that it is purely by favor he is permitted to use them to their advantage. He must work hard, poor fellow! He looks worn—almost ill. He is gaining popularity very rapidly, mamma says, and I daresay overtaxes his strength. Artists and writers and the like have so much nervous force, they never think it necessary to rest."

He laid down his brush and turned to

"Over at last, Miss Redesdale. Have you found it very much of a bore?"

you found it very much of a bore?"

"None whatever. You permitted me a luxurious attitude in an easy-chair and nothing to do. That suited me, for I like energy in others, and idleness for myself. Why, there is the bell for luncheon. The morning has passed quickly. Come, Mr. Kenyon, mamma will be expecting to see you, I know."

"I think—I have some engagement—"
"It's not so binding but it can be broken if you're not positive regarding the fact.

if you're not positive regarding the fact. No excuses, sir."

"As my lady says," with a bow. "But if I stay I shall claim the fulfillment of a promise from you. You're to favor me with your views of my picture on exhibition, you remember; let me take you to the gallery this afternoon."

"I'll go, with pleasure, but I never promised. I have a very tenacious memory, and you simply assumed my willingness."

Since you are willing, I am satisfied." "Since you are willing, I am satisfied."
The gallery was thronged that afternoon.
Something new by somebody noted had
just been put upon exhibition, and the
crowds consequent upon such an event were
drifting through. Kenyon saw how it was at
a glance, and turned back at the threshold.
"Let me pilot you around by the side." "Let me pilot you around by the side entrance, free to habitues, and so avoid the scrambling and pushing necessary to break a way through that living barrier."

He led the way to a small door opening into a side anatoms.

He fed the way to a small door opening into a side apartment.

"This ante-room, Miss Redesdale, is filled up with merely second-class productions, the first attempts of promising genius, and the like. There is one of my own, now banished to the precincts. What hopes and what expectations I built up with that picture! Alas, 'twas all the baseless fabric of an idle dream! The canyas once so bright an idle dream! The canvas, once so brigh in its pristine tints, has grown dingy, you see; the glowing ardor of aspiring youth has put on the 'hodden gray'—disappoint ment claims me for her own."

Florry imagined she detected a degree of

pathos under this extravaganza. It did such tremulous hopes hanging by slender threads, should be ruthlessly crushed. They drew near the curtained arch separating this

"You'd scarcely believe it, Miss Redesdale, but this is one of the early productions of our lion rampant to-day. It's sure to be taken out, hung in a softened light, and sold at a fabulous price one of these times. There is the advantage of having made a name,

He talked on in a modulated tone, referring to different points in the piece, and with all her senses for the moment merged into the single one of hearing, she was not heeding a single word of his.

Two men were talking on the opposite side of the curtain. It was Lynne's voice, forcible though suppressed, which first

struck upon her ear.
"I tell you, Marquestone, I can't do better Lord knows how you've ma ed to get them all in your hands, I don't If you've any devil's play behind it, you may find it the worse for you—that's all.

You'll not always have the upper hand."
"There, my dear fellow, don't get excit ed," answered the colonel's smooth tones.
'Not the least use in the world, you see. Of course I don't want to discommode you, and luck's sure to turn before long. lucky dog you seem to be altogether. Habout that fifteen thousand a year and little incumbrance ready to fling themselves at your feet at a minute's notice?"

quick blaze flashed into the hazel eyes, and she set her teeth as a spasm of shame and anger swept over her. That any one should dare to refer to her in that slighting way! that he should let such words be spoken and raise neither hand nor protest!

Kenyon's voice recalled her.
"Take my arm, Miss Redesdale. There's a horrid jam out there, but we'll escape worst of it."

He swept back the curtain as he spoke, and Florien turned her indignant face to confront those two where they stood. She was just one second too late. Mr. Lynne and his friend, the colonel, had turned away arm-in-arm, and while she looked, the crowd closed the gap between them.

"There, now we can breathe again. That tussle has certainly brought out your latent spirit of the aggressive order. You're too flushed and animated for gentle Amy Robsart, while you look like that."

"Then paint me not in my headstrong moods," answered Florien, with a light laugh. "Oh, Mr. Kenyon!"

"It is my masterpiece, I think."
He drew a little aside while she studied the picture. A stretch of river scenery with a moonlit sky arching over it—a fringe of trees upon the bank, with a parti-colored leaf here and there catching the light—a little boat fantastically painted in the form of a shell drifting over the silvery sheen of the water's smooth surface. A shell bearing two female figures; the first standing upright, the hands outstretched, the face beaming as if inspired; the other kneeling, with a torrent of bright hair falling back from a childish countenance which wore an expression of rapt trustfulness, and the little white hands were clasped upon the bosom Florien put out her hand to drop it with

a thrilling pressure on his arm.

"The Lorelie," said she, without removing her eyes. "And you have given the beautiful deceptive spirit my face. That is the way it appears, lulling its victim to fancied security, fascinating with its siren's song, while they drift on to the certainty of destruction ahead. And that is Isola—dear little Isa—kneeling there, held by that weird enchantment, never knowing that her trustfulness is leading her straight to

An agitated pallor was upon her face and her lips were quivering with strong emo-tion. He had nerved himself for whatever the attachment between the two girls. You will observe that you have been an ed into her waking hours.

inspiration to me from the very first. That picture has brought such favorable notice as I have gained, and it was suggested by my first sight of you upon the night of our

first meeting."
He spoke in a perfectly composed manner and with unchanged countenance, but his heart was swelled well-nigh to bursting with the wild anguish of the flooding memories called up by that fair, girlish, pictured

"If it should be prophetic," breathed Horien, awe and pain in her voice—"if it should! You don't know—how should you?—that my little Isa was married secetly on that New Year's Eve after you left the school. You were gone quite away lefore that, but you would not have known and you here there exist. It was a covert lad you been there still. It was a secret even from me—the first one of all her life Is-ola would not have trusted to me. Before hat night when I persuaded her to the trip apon the river, I am sure she never had a thought but all the world might have known without reproach to her; after that, something indescribable came between us, so slight at first that I never knew when it so slight at first that I never knew when it began or when it took actual form. That New Year's Eve she had permission to go out, or went without permission I had afterward reason to think, and she was married that night. I did not know it until weeks later, when she was discharged and sent away—Heaven knows where or to what fate. I have wondered until I grew sick at heart for her sake.

"You never knew whom she wedded—never suspected, nor heard surmised?" There was an understrain of eagerness in his question which he could not repress, but

his question which he could not repress, but

she was too deeply moved to observe it.

"Never. There were the classic students at the rector's in the village, you know, and collegians through the country about home for the holidays. It was quite impossible to fix upon any one out of the numbers presented to my mind, and I knew so little of them individually. It was not like Isola to enter into a clandestine intimacy, as she must have done, and it has troubled me to think that my example and my urging upon that one occasion may have been the successful opening to like transgressions not known even to me. I would sacrifice much to be assured of Isola's happiness."

In the midst of the pain tearing dumbly within his breast, Louis had a feeling of relief. He had found that

lief. He had feared that some unguarded word or half-given confidence might have led Florien to surmise something of the truth. In these past weeks since he had consented to become a party to that plot against Florry which she was so far from suspecting, a feeling of admiration which was akin to passion had sprung up within his heart. his heart.

He never could love again as he had loved Isola. His lost Isa! doubly, terribly lost, had she lived. His certainty of her death was a mercy in his anguish. That hope gone—and it was the only strong hope which had ever swayed him—he was ready to follow the bent of his own reckless impulses and the strong will of others who guided them.

They turned away, when suddenly Florry's clasp tightened involuntarily upon his For one second a strange face had peered

forward into hers, a man's bearded face, browned by exposure, wrinkled and hardened, and the large, wistful blue eyes looking from it seemed almost out of place there eyes that to Florien seemed the exact counterpart of Isola's own!

"Look, quick!" she whispered. "Who is that man? Did you ever see him or any one like him?"

The man had turned and was walking away, but Louis had a fair sight of him. A complete stranger to me," he answer-

ed. "What was it—was ne imperior."
"Oh, no. My imagination is a little distempered, I suppose. I fancied that I de tected in him a strong resemblance to Isola.' 'Effect of overwrought nervous imagin-

ings," he answered, oracularly. "Shall I take you home, Miss Redesdale?"

CHAPTER XIX. AN ANONYMOUS LETTER, AND AN ODD VISITOR. MRS. REDESDALE and her daughter were

breakfasting tete-a-tete.

The season has worn on into March by this time. It has been one unceasing round of gayety, of balls and soirees and receptions, of opera going, shopping, dining and toilette-making—daily and nightly engage-ments at home or abroad since that New Eve when the Redesdale mansion was thrown open, and the Redesdales—mother and daughter—had fairly launched themselves on this sparkling tide of society. How Florry had enjoyed it all! how she had danced out the nights! how she had walked and driven, made calls and received callers, through the days! how she had kept her freshness through it all! how all gentlemen of their set had persisted in the gentlemen of their set had persisted in falling madly in love with her, and have the belles who were plain or passe, and some who were neither, envied and maligned her! how she pursued her gay course steadily, declining the offers of hands and hearts and fortunes which beset her, but retaining the good-will of the would-be donors, and gaining friends even among her rivals as their ing friends even among her rivals as their recreant lovers drifted back to the old alle-

And Mrs. Redesdale was not without admirers-suitors, too, if rumor spoke truly. It was not strange. She was a handsome woman still, not young, but stately and self-possessed, and imperative enough to sway her own little circle of satellites. Colonel Marquestone gnawed his mustache and watched the play with savage gloomings and was reassived in the private ininess, and was reassured in the private in-terviews she granted him, and by seeing one or two who had been most importunate, drop suddenly out of her circle. The wear and tear of this society life passed on without much affecting her; she might be a lit tle haggard of mornings, a little ennuied through the long afternoons, but under the gaslights she was always the same brilliant,

queen-like creature. The breakfast was being discussed in almost utter silence. Florien was preoccupied, for once listless and pale. It was the morning succeeding her visit to the art gallery, and the impression conveyed to her mind by the pictured Lorelie, charming her fair young victim by the sweetness of her delusive song as they floated over the deceptive smoothness of the moonlit waters, had been vivid and lasting. Isola's face had haunted her in her dreams through the tion. He had nerved himself for whatever might come, knowing how strong had been changed. She awoke feeling unrefreshed, and the depression of the night had follow-

The morning mail was brought in as the silent meal drew near its close.
"Only one letter for you this morning,

Mrs. Redesdale passed it, a white oblong envelope, not monogramed, and bearing the city postmark.

Some tiresome invitation, I suppose,' said Florien, drearily. "Excuse me, mamma. I promised to send Adele early with last instructions regarding my dress bridesmaids' toilettes are only less important than the bride's own, you know.

"And Miss Day's is perfection, they say."
Mrs. Redesdale became absorbed apparently in the depths of the Bazar, but her black glittering eyes shot a furtive glance away from its pages after Florry's retreating form. "I'd like to see the effect of the tiresome invitation she supposes. But I dare say I'm as well enlightened as if she had opened it before my face. That girl has the art

to perfection of concealing her emotions her face is like a mask when she chooses." Florry dropped the oblong envelope unopened upon her dressing-table and rung for Adele. The morrow was the weddingday, and she was to be one of the brides maids. The girl received her instructions and went out; then Florry reached her hand languidly for the missive which she regarded with so little curiosity. The change crossing her face as she

glanced at its contents was slight—a shade of a frown upon her brow and an impatient curling of her lip. It was that coward's weapon—an anonymous letter.

"If Miss Redesdale would know how W. L regards the sacred promise he has given her, let her send some friend she can trust to the address given below at any hour after eleven to night. To avoid misapprehension, it may be well to state that this is one of the most notorious gilded gambling dens within the city limits. Seeing is believing—even if done by proxy.

A SINCERE WELL-WISHER."

And here followed an address.

Florry crumpled the note in her hand—
her first thought simply scorn of the cowardly accusation.
"It is sure to be the underhand thrust of

some enemy," she thought. "A man who will not come forward to make a charge in his own proper person deserves no more attention than I shall give this."

She really intended to pass it over without the slightest observation, but she would

have been less than woman had not the in-sidious words awakened anew that feeling of distrust with which she had before this

regarded her fiance.
"If it should be true—if Walter should care no more for his promise to me than this intimates? Is it not my duty to discover the truth?"

She smoothed out the crumpled note and read it again. She had more tolerance for the writer now; it was a cowardly part for one man to betray another, but it was done in all kind intention for her welfare. If it was a deliberate misstatement, made with the belief that she would not act upon it and meant to instill the slow poison of distrust in her mind, it was surely her duty to prove it so. If true— The red lips set themselves in a firm line, and a resolute light, which did not bode well for Walter Lynne in such a case, shone out of the ha-

The words she had overheard the day before, and forgotten utterly in her subsequent unrest resulting from those reminiscences Kenyon's picture had called up, and the uncertainty of her girl-friend's fate, re-curred now. Very heavily did they weigh in the scale against the good faith of her

She dressed for walking and went out, with that crumpled anonymous note held in the clasp of her gloved fingers, under shelter of her sable muff. A little voiceless clock on the wall in

plain sight from the cashier's desk, in the spacious room occupied by Lessingham & Co., bankers, was pointing its silent hands at twelve. The cashier, also a minor partner in the firm of which his father was principal—no other than Aubrey Lessingham himself—was in his place and busy over his accounts. So busy that he did not even glance up at sound of a closing door very near him. There was a second's space of hesitation on the part of the new-comer, then a light foot crossed the floor and a shadow fell athwart the stream of sunshine which slanted over the iron railing and touched the young man's head as he stoop-ed over his desk, changing the curling auburn hair to the red tint of Guinea gold.
"Mr. Lessingham!"
The cashier's pen went down and his

head came up with the rapidity of startled

"Miss Redesdale, is it possible!" He could not quite repress the surprise he felt at her presence there. Her glance went over the room; the book-keeper was bending patiently at his task, quite absorbed by it, but two or three clerks at liberty for the moment were lounging about, staring at her with the nonchalance which no one but a clerk can successfully affect. The rush of the morning was over, and only employees of the firm were present, but it was clear to Florien that she could not announce the object of her mission here. Aubrey divined the cause of her momentary hesitation, and left his place instantly. "Let me conduct you into the office, Miss Redesdale. Jackson"—to his assisant-"look sharp, will you? Hudson will

be here at ten minutes past. This way, Miss Redesdale." He threw back the door of an inner room, closing it upon an animated buzz

among the elegant clerks.

"The Redesdale, by Jove!" ejaculated one. "Game, isn't it? What do you suppose she wants of him?" Got her stamps in the concern, haven't

we? Wants some pin-money, maybe, and thought she'd find the judge here." "Purest thoroughbred of the set, they 7. Neat foot, wasn't it?"

say. Neat foot, wasn't it?"
"'Pon honor, can't say! I only saw her face. Pure Greek, or I'm no judge."
Happily unconscious of the commotion she had caused, Florry sunk into the chair placed for her, and Aubrey stood awaiting

'I dare say I am breaking all the proprieties," said she, with a faint smile. "I really haven't an idea of how shocking an affair this call of mine might be construed -it is rather embarrassing business alto-gether. I want the service of a friend, Mr. Lessingham, and I've come to beg the fa-

His heart thrilled and thumped under his waistcoat with twice its usual force, and he could not prevent his voice quivering a little over his commonplace answer.

I shall be most happy to serve you,

"You must let me take you into my confidence, then," she continued, quietly and gravely. "Or—perhaps"—hesitating, and then abruptly—"be kind enough to read this note, which I received by post a couple of hours ago.'

He read it and retained it still, silently

"You understand now why I require the "You understand now why I require the services of a trustworthy friend," said she. "Can I depend upon you to act for me?" "If you wish it, Miss Redesdale. Pardon me—of course I am not in a position to judge for you—but anonymous notes are better left unregarded as a general thing."

"I believe that, but it is of very vital moment for me to know just what this one implies. The W. L. referred to is Mr. Lynne. I have a right to know if the promise he made me is lightly kept as this unknown writer intimates. Will you go to that place and learn the truth for me?"

Aubrey's muscular, well - proportioned frame straightened, and his face gloomed over with include a prophension.

over with jealous apprehension.

"Miss Redesdale, is it because you love that man you would set me to dog his

steps?"
From any one else Florry would have bitterly resented such an impertinence. The words coming from him, sent the hot blood leaping through her veins, and a shiver, delight and half dread, thrilling

through her frame. "You are silent. Then it is so." There was a bitter and reproachful pathos in his voice, and for her life Florry dared not lift her eyes to meet his painfully passionate gaze. "Florien, I can not keep silence even at the price of knowing how vain and presumptuous my half-formed hopes have been. I love you—I love you, and I thought it possible I might win a return. Florien, look at me, speak to me, for the sake of heaven, if I am not utterly hope-

Her face drooped and her eyes were kept resolutely averted. She could not have met his eager glance without betray-ing how far from indifferent she was to his

"I see how it is," he said, commanding himself with a stern effort after a moment of painful silence had passed. "Pardon my presumption, Miss Redesdale, and forget it if you can. You will let me be your

friend all the same, will you not?"
"If you will, if you can be so kind."
"Then let me advise you this once." He choked a little in forcing the words, which seemed like ringing the death-knell to his own hopes. "You must know how hard it own hopes. For must know how harder is for me, but it will be for your happiness if you love him. Let that note, with all its implied reproach, pass from your mind, as well as from an endeavor to prove or disprove its contents. An anonymous letter never merits any thing but silent content."

tempt."
"I know the truth of all you say, but I have been severed regarding this, If you must be assured regarding this. If you are willing to be my friend, prove it in this

"Does she love him?" Aubrey asked himself. "It looks like it; but could she speak so quietly if she did? The miserable po-pinjay! the selfish scoundrel! He isn't half worthy of her or any noble, loving wo-

He did not speak, however, and Florry continued, a little coldly:
"I do not wish to urge you against your

inclination, Mr. Lessingham. I excuse you from the service which I perceive would be unwillingly rendered. I shall certainly find "You mistake! I am willing to serve you. I could do any thing for you—any thing within the bounds of honor and rea-

on. I was only anxious to secure happiness, and-I must repeat it-if you love Walter Lynne, it will best be done by dropping this matter here. Do you love man, Florien ?" Mr. Lessingham, I am engaged to marry

him. I have been his betrothed wife since you saved me nearly two years ago from becoming his wife in reality.

"You can understand now why I have taken up this matter and am determined to push it through. If he willfully deceives me now, if his sacred promise is such a slender bond that he wears it or breaks it at will, is it not better that I shall know the truth?"

"And when you do know it, what then?"
"You believe that he is false in this, your choice of words proves that. I never could marry a man who could so break faith with

'Miss Redesdale, if you care for him you will hate me for telling you the truthshould he be false to his word. If you do not, you should break with him whether he be false or true—he is not justified in holdng you to a childish promise which your woman's heart does not sanction.' She looked at him with sad, reproving

"Could I hold my word as lightly and expect truth from him? I trust you, implicit-

You may trust me. I will serve you faithfully in this or any other way you may command, now-or at any time in all my

She knew that it cost him a struggle to utter these words calmly as he did. gave him her own frank, bright smile as she held out her hand.

Thank you more than I can express, Mr. Lessingham. Whatever comes of this, I shall be only deeply grateful to you." She rose in go, changing the subject of discussion with the ease which well-bred people can adopt in concealing their most

eartfelt emotions. "We are to meet on the joyful occasion to-morrow, I believe. As best man you will have the closest possible opportunity of judging what an ordeal must be passed to compass one's 'doom of bliss.'"

"Second best, Miss Redesdale; I've been matched against you, I believe, in consideration of Gerry being first bridesmaid."

He bowed her out, and watched the dender figure threading the crowded thor oughfare, then turned back, with a scarcely repressed sigh upon his lips. What a glo-rious creature she was! How wildly-mad y he found himself loving her, under all the quiet composure he forced himself to

"She never will marry Lynne, thank heaven! He has been deceiving her further than she suspects, and she will know the fellow in his true light yet. She would despise me for the betrayal if I was to show him up in his true colors—that's woman for you !-but she's sure to find him out, now she's started on the track. I'll do just what she has asked of me faithfully and ruly, but no whit more. What credulous beings the best of women are, and to what account knaves like him turn their trustful-

ness. There's Gerry now, good, sensible girl that she is in every thing else, I believe has never got over her liking for the scamp. What if she"—he did not allude to Gerry now—"should not be quite heartbroken when she finds how little of the true ring he's got. By Jove! she's not the girl to break her heart for any man, though. What if—what if—"

He broke his reflection with a speculative whistle, and went back to his desk firmly couvinced that Florien was no further placed beyond his aspirations for being just now betrothed to Walter Lynne. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 149.)

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#### A HEAVY COLD.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I'll tell you what it is, my friend, I've got a cold you see, Or, I might say in other words, A bad cold has got me.

I don't do any thing but sneeze, And then when I get through, For sake of some variety I just begin anew.

Already I have gone and sneezed The buttons from my coat, I've sneezed my solid front teeth out And down into my throat.

The jerked my head loose from my neck, So violent is the crash, And I have shattered every pane That's in my window-sash.

I only breathe in sneezes now, Since every breath's a sneeze; My nose blows its own horn, but not With a great deal of ease.

Though not addicted to the weed, It's obvious to you. If anybody speaks to me, I answer with a "tchou!"

I've blown my handkerchief to shreds, I blow the lamps all out; It's awful on a pair of lungs Which are not very stout.

'Tis not a bad cold, but as good As any I have seen, I think the gentlest treatment would \*Be nitro-glycerine! This cold's entirely too large

By several degrees:
I'd like to hire a good strong man
To come and help me sneeze.

### The Convict's Scheme.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"LILLIAN!" Rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed Lillian Dempsey turned from the deep bay window, and confronted the elderly lady who

had spoken her romantic name.
"Well, aunt Susan, what is it?" she asked, in her silvery tones. Come here, girl."

Lillian crossed the great parlor with a smiling countenance, for she expected a lecture from her maidenish aunt, concerning the duties of young ladies on the eve of marriage, as Lillian was; and she was surprised when the old lady extended the paper which she had been perusing, with the request that she should read the first paragraph on the fourth page.
Wondering what it could be, Lillian took

the journal, and felt her cheeks grow pale when her gaze fell upon the caption of the particular paragraph.

"Aunt, it can not be!" she exclaimed, turning to her relative, with a fearful countenance. "That bad man can not be at large. I will not believe it!"

"Let me assure you, Lillian, of the versity of that paragraph," valied Sugar

racity of that paragraph," replied Susan, confidently. "Anthony Doudore is at large, and we shall soon see him around in

Lillian's fragile form shook like the aspen leaf at her aunt's last sentence; but her eyes were mastering the brief paragraph, which ran as follows:

"THE NOTORIOUS DOUDORE AT LARGE!—Last night's dispatches from Auburn convey the in-telligence that the notorious 'Ant.' Doudore His telligence that the notorious 'Ant.' Doudore has effected his liberation from the penitentiary. His crime is still fresh in the minds of the people of this section, and it behooves them to be on the alert for the convict, as he may make his way hither. A reward of three thousand dollars is offered for his recapture."

"Yes, aunt, we must watch for him," said Lillian, in a tone which betrayed fear. "The *Index* speaks wisely. He may come this way, for you know that he hates me: you know what he said to me as he passed me in the court-room on his way to prison."
"Yes, yes, Lillian. That was a dreadful

threat, and since that hour when you told him that you would not marry him, he has desperate man. Girl, you might have reformed him.'

For a moment Lillian Dempsey did not reply: she reread the startling paragraph, and the rose hue, which was returning to her cheeks, fled again.

Reform Anthony Doudore?" she said. throwing a strange look into her aunt's face. "The volcano which broke from his heart that night was there when I told him 'no.' I know more about him than you, aunt Susan, and I bless the day when I refused his offer.'

"Well, well; you giddy girls think that every foolish thing you do is for the best. But you rue it sometimes, and I feel that you are going to rue your words

With this prophecy the old lady rose and left the room.

Lillian returned to the window, and buried her pretty face in the elegant lace

"Oh, if I had never met that man!" she said, and then for a brief period she lived over the past, which, with its days of excitement, burned like fire in her brain.

Anthony Doudore, the escaped convict, had encountered her at a fashionable watering place, several years prior to the opening of our story. She was a wild girl of seven-teen then, and he was a handsome man of five and twenty. He soon became her companion in moonlight walks and drives along the beach, and when, one night, he besought Lillian's hand in matrimony, he was shocked to hear her lips utter a refusal. He demanded her reasons for the unexpected finale to his passionate wooing, and she calmly told him that she had learned something regarding his past life. That was

Without a word, but with a look of inveterate natred, he rose to his feet, and thus they parted.

Another man took his place-a man whom Lillian truly loved. She forget Anthony Doudore, and he did not cross her for a twelvemonth. Then he came

with the fury of the hurricane.
One night Gerald Adams, our heroine's new lover, was shot down at her side, and Lillian recognized the assassin as he sprung from his concealment to fly. Anthony Doudore, the discarded, was found in the city, and arrested for the crime just written. He had gold, and therefore the testimony was, to no small degree, conflicting. He and his witnesses said that Gerald Adams had grossly insulted him, hence the crime. But, Lillian's testimony killed his hopes; the lawyers could not entangle her, and Anthony Doudore received a life sentence before the judicial bar!

Stone walls shall not inclose me forever!" he hissed at Lillian after the trial "I'll pay you up for this ere long, if it takes my heart's blood!"

And now that that man was free, well might Lillian Dempsey tremble. She thought of all this at the window, and intelligence regarding the missing girl.

The black-bearded man had suddenly disappeared, and news came that he was

wished that the brave man to whom she had lately given her heart was at her side. But he was far away.

"Ha! they hunt the wild bird, but they shall not catch him. He flies to the work of vengeance, and ere long Lillian Dempsey

shall feel his talons."

Thus murmured a bearded man, who occupied a seat in a smoking car, which was being whirled over the road toward the city wherein a beautiful girl shuddered at the remembrance of a vow made long ago.

There was nothing about the man to denote that he was a convict. Instead of a cleanly shaven face, a long black beard fell over a snowy shirt-front, and raven locks lay lightly upon his broad shoulders.

He held a paper before his face, and, as he spoke, his dark eyes rested upon the paragraph which drove the color from Lillian Dempsey's cheeks.

Despite his lengthy locks and beard, that man was Anthony Doudore, and when the iron horse paused in the great depot of N—, he seized the leathern valise, which

lay at his feet, and hurried from the train. No one scrutinized him, and, with the boldness ever characteristic of the man, he read the posters which offered three thousand dollars for his arrest, before he left the station.

"I wonder if she will come," he murmured, as he walked down the spacious apartment. "That dispatch will surely deceive her, for he was in the city when I left—yes, yes, I feel that she will come."

Anthony Dondors was already decired.

Anthony Doudore was already playing for vengeance on the fair girl who had sent him to Sing Sing, to pay the awful penalty attached to crime in the horrors of a lifelong incarceration. From the prison he had hastened to New York, and while hid a face the detectives he companies in den from the detectives, by companions in crime, he had learned much about Lillian's life since the trial. He knew that she was on the eve of marriage, and one day he ac-cidentally encountered her betrothed on the Anthony Doudore, when it was too late to

apprehend him.

One night a man might have been seen in the most degraded portion of the city, dogging the footsteps of another.

The watcher wore the countenance of

Walker Dorsey, nicknamed "Max," from a youthful nom de plume, and he kept his eyes on his prey.

Suddenly the dogged one darted down an alley, and Dorsey hastened forward. He gained the dark mouth of the way,

when the man confronted him.
"Dogging me, eh?" he cried. "I'll stop
this forever!" and with the agility of a ti-

ger, he darted upon the young man.

For a moment the blade flashed in the starlight, and then it was buried in Dorey's breast!

He fell back with a shriek, and the as-

sassin turned to fly. But, before he could penetrate the gloom, a pistol cracked, and he fell to the earth. A minute later two policemen bent over him. As they raised him, his grayish beard dropped from his face, and the guardians

of the city started back, exclaiming:
"Anthony Doudore!" The convict's arrest spread like wildfire.

An infuriated crowd assembled—a crowd that would not listen to reason. They tore the wounded convict from the police, and in the twinkling of an eye, he was dangling from the sturdy limb of an

umbrageous elm!

And when it was too late, the mob thought of Lillian Dempsey's fate. They might have wrung it from the convict; but now his tongue was silent!

The city clocks were proclaiming the hour of six, the morning following the work of the mob, when three women entered the room wherein lay the corpse of the convict.

They were inmates of the house to which the body had been brought, and placed in a plain coffin, and they had once been the friends of the wicked dead.

that had you seen her watching Mr. Cavender with those drooping-lidded eyes, whose flashing beauty had more than once stirred

his heart most curiously.

Lovers Imogene had had, ever since she wore short dresses, and chivalrous schoolboys contended for the honor of riding her on their sleds; lovers who had adored her, but never yet one who had as much as created the faintest wish in her heart that

she might love them.
Of course Imo had many offers, but of them all, no rejected suitor could say she led them on to scorn them at last. She refused their love, refused them hers in such a kind, matter-of-fact way that they felt honored that they ever cared for her at

This afternoon, with the train of gray poplin dress sweeping around her, and a brilliant-hued India shawl wrapped tightly around her shoulders, a jausty little hat, trimmed with a scarlet wing and gray velvet, on her purple-black hair, Imogene was listening to Howard Cavender with an instantial ball was a fall help with a first trimmed with a scarlet with an instantial ball was a fall help with a first triminal was a fall help with a fall was a fall terest she had never felt before, either in his conversation or any one else's.

What constituted the charm she was try-

ing to find out? Was it his grave earnestness, even when speaking of common-place affairs? his utter forgetfulness of self in all he said or did, or the rare sweetness of temper that pervaded every word and

Imogene was wondering what it was, when he turned to her his bright face,

lighted by such keen, intelligent eyes. "Miss Glendaun, I am afraid I am trespassing too long on your time. I had no idea it was so late, and you will want to dress for the hop. It is the last of the season is it not?" son, is it not?"

"The last. And I am not sorry, Mr. Cavender, to quit all the gayety and gossip of hotel life, and settle down quietly for the

He smiled in her eyes.

Quietly for the winter? Miss Glendaun. your life this coming winter will be far



THE CONVICT'S SCHEME.

Instantly an audacious plot entered his brain. He hurried to a telegraph station, and sent the following dispatch to Lillian: "Will reach N— on the 9.40 train. May meet you at the depot? MAX."

He felt assured that Lillian would hasten to the station to meet her lover, and he went down on an early train.

The coming of night proved the surmises of the villain correct. Lillian hailed a hack, which, strange to say, had taken up its station near her home, and ordered the black Jehu to drive her to the depot. The man's "Yes, missus" urged the horses forward, and as Lillian settled back among the cushions she did not see the burly form that clambered to the driver's seat, and

spoke to him in low tones. The carriage rattled on for an hour, and Lillian's cheeks paled with fear. The station was near her home, and she should

have been there long since. Terribly fearful, she raised the carriage sash, and commanded the driver to halt.

He paid no attention whatever to her

A moment later she spoke again, and all

at once the carriage stopped.

The door flew open, and a pair of long arms encircled Lillian's body. She tried to shriek, but a hand closed over her mouth, and she was dragged from the vehicle Then she found herself carried swiftly away, and the closing of a door told her that she was beneath a roof. Up a flight of steps the man hurried, and when Lillian was placed on her feet, she shrunk from the bearded face so near her own pale

"Ha! I said we would meet again!" the man hissed. "Have I lied, Miss Lillian Dempsey? I am Anthony Doudore. I know you recognize my voice. You are mine now—mine, mine! That's the sweetest word I ever uttered."

A shriek from Lillian's heart told the convict that she had recognized him, and, with an oath, he turned on his heel, and

left her alone.

The villaiu's plot had been crowned with success, and the woman whose life he would blight was completely in his power.
Poor Lillian Dempsey! In a murderer's clutches, and so near her wedding-eve, too!

Three days passed away, and no tidings of Lillian's whereabouts came to the in-mates of her father's house. The fashion-able avenue—the whole city—was excited, and the police were busy with the mysterious case. Walker Dorsey, Lillian's lover, returned, ignorant of the fatal dispatch accredited to him. This increased the furore, and the hours passed without a gleam of

"I want to see his face again," said the | from quiet, I am thinking. What think youngest of the trio. "He once aided me when I was suffering; for, despite his wickedness, Anthony Doudore had moments of charity.

They approached the coffin, and stooped to lift the pine lid, when a singular noise startled them, and the next instant the poard shot upward as if impelled by a

The women shrieked and rushed toward the door, while Anthony Doudore, with a terrible look, was springing from his cof-

He might have called them back, and escaped, for they would have befriended him; but he saw two policemen in the doorway, and, as he touched the floor, he was secured!

The mob had illy accomplished its designs. The hanging had grown into a case of suspended animation, and the convict had revived in the gloom and silence of his own coffin.

People began to think that Anthony Doudore could not be killed; but they soon drove such ideas from their minds, for the wound received from the watchman's pistol brought him to the sable river.

When he saw death staring him in the face, he divulged Lillian Dempsey's whereabouts; but he said, with a grim smile: "You'll find her dead."

Lillian's friends flew to her prison, and found her lashed to a couch; and from the ceiling a tiny stream of water was falling Such was Anthony Doudore's vengeance

but medical lore saved Lillian's life, as it had preserved that of Walker Dorsey. And when she became a fair bride, "aunt Susan" acknowledged that Lillian could not have reformed Anthony Doudore by marrying him.

### The White Suisse Dress.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE golden arrows of the sunset were esting on the far-spreading branches of the linden tree, and, gleaming between the swaying leaves, just touched the proud head of Imogene Glendaun, as she stood there, a fit subject for poet, painter or sculptor One could scarce imagine a more perfect face than hers, just now turned toward Howard Cavender, as he called her atten-tion to the rare brilliance of the sunset; face that few men, seeing once, would ever forget; a face, whose large, magnificent eyes, so lustrous, so shadowy, so grave, so gay, no lover of Imogene's could have told the color of.

you of a home away in a remote town on the Western frontier, where a fashionable ball has not been heard of these ten vears?

Imo shrugged her shoulders.
"I'd not like it, I think. Oh, Mr. Cavender, you've not asked me what I shall wear to the masquerade, to-night."

She flashed the full beauty of her won-

drous eves upon him. "Am I to be so honored? How can I thank you?" His voice was in that low, earnest key

that had of late struck sympathetic chords in this woman's heart. "How?" she repeated, quickly. "By being there early as ten, at least, and reporting to a white suisse dress."

She laughed as she spoke, and drew out her jeweled watch.
"Mr. Cavender, it is actually six o'clock, and the gong will sound for dinner before we reach the hotel."

She just rested the tips of her gray kidded-fingers on his sleeve as they walked up the broad path; and Howard Cavender, as he felt the light, fairy touch, knew by the thrills of delight that surged over him, that he loved her—this girl who was invulnera-ble, they said; this girl who had been loved by others before him — yes, and who had rejected men as good as he, who had loved her as well, doubtless, as he did. Would she reject him?

He asked himself the question as he glanced down at her; and then, when she smiled him adieu at the entrance, Howard Cavender resolved to ask her to marry him; that selfsame night he would woo and win, if he could, the white suisse dress, and what it held within its fleecy folds.

The ball-room was one blaze of flaming lights; the gay crowd was promenading the floor to the low, sweet tones of music when Howard Cavender, in simple domin entered one of the side doors to find Miss

He had never before gone anywhere with such peculiarly pleasant anticipations as to this masquerade; he had gone, thinking of no one in the world but beautiful Imogene, whom he would ask for his own.

So, when, among a group of Italian peasant girls, he heard a voice pronounce the name of "Miss Glendaun," very naturally he listened, eagerly.

"I would know her by her hair, anyhow, wouldn't you, Mame? But, that white suisse dress is enough of itself to proclaim "Why, what about the dress? I never have heard." its wearer Miss Imogene Glendaun

She was a flirt; you would have known the girl's voice; he felt fully as curious him-

self, and no one noticed the nearer approach of the tall, black domino.
"You never heard about it, Mame, be-

cause your house is a distance from Miss Glendaun's, and mine within a mile, you know. Well—but don't any of you tell I

know. Well—but don't any of you tell I repeated it—Miss Glendaun stole that dress she has on." A united exclamation of surprise came from behind the masques.

"It seems incredible, I know, and perhaps some people wouldn't call it stealing; but papa and mamma think it was, and of course I think so."

"Do tell it, Josie, before the music sounds for the Lanciers."

for the Lanciers."

Howard Cavender changed his position to one very near Miss "Josie."

"You see the dress is very elegant and expensive; mamma says it must have cost at least two hundred dollars, for the lace on the ruffles is real Valenciennes. Miss Glendaun ordered it of a young lady who made such dresses, and gave her carte blanche as to style and trimmings, and wanted it done by the thirtieth. Of course the dressmaker was delighted with the opportunity of realizing a little profit, so she made every effort to have the dress handsome and stylish; indeed, she said she borrowed seventy dol-

lars to buy some trimmings she hadn't.
"Then when she took the dress up to Miss Glendaun, the lady refused to pay her, on the ground that it was a day after the con-tract; she might take back the dress; Miss Glendaun was displeased because she was disappointed. Of course the dressmaker could not afford to have the dress thrown on her hands, and she was obliged to leave it, trusting to that lady relenting and keeping the dress, which she has done, and re-fuses still to pay the required amount, on the ground of delay in its receipt. There comes Max after you, Mame, for the Lan-

And in a second the little group was scattered here and there, and only Howard Cavender stood alone, to wonder what it all meant. Was it true? could it be true, that Imogene Glendaun was so utterly devoid of womanly principle?

He saw her every few minutes with her fleecy white dress gleaming among darker garments; he saw the sweet graciousness of her manners, and a pain of something keener than mere disappointment trembled around his heart.

He had no desire to dance now, not even with her, for that elegant dress would be constantly suggesting something to him. He was already tired of the lights and the crashing music, so he slowly went out through the crowd to the cool night air. On the threshold he met her, leaning on the arm of a swarthy-browed man; and then and there Howard Cavender awoke from the brief, sweet dream.

"I must have more money, Rob. This one I am telling you of is well off, and if I can manage him—" Then the voice of Imegene Glendaun passed from his hearing, and he never heard it again; but by her own lips she had proclaimed herself an adven-

# Short Stories from History.

Old Legends of the New World .-Old Legends of the New World.—
There is, however, a later manuscript than that indicated in our last week's paper, regarding the voyage of the Danes down the North American coast, in the tenth and eleventh centuries. This second narrative differs in many points from the story before mentioned. It is full of the most marvelous impossibilities; but its authority has been placed very high by several Danish and American writers. In truth, it has been sustained by the discovery of Norse remains in America, which are found in sufmains in America, which are found in sufficient quantities to supply the archæological demand. Mr. Longfellow immortalized in one of his ballads the windmill at Newport, Rhode Island, which the Danes have claimed as the Round Tower, built by some of be Greenland wanderers. The story of the tower and of "the Viking bold" is, as he says, sufficiently well established for the purposes of a ballad; "though doubtless many an honest citizen, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will exclaim with Sancho, 'God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care, for that it was nothing but a windmill, and nobody could mistake it who had not the like in his

Besides the mill, there was found a stone in the Taunton River on which the fragment of a Runie inscription was imagined to have been discovered, concerning which some passable jokes may be read in the "Biglow Papers."

The crew, whose adventures are recorded in the later saga, are said to have sailed from Greenland to the sandy shores previously discovered, and there to have sent a Scotch man and woman, "fleeter than wild beasts," to explore the inland parts, who returned in three days with grapes and an ear of wheat. Then they found an island with nesting eider ducks, which some will have to be Egg Island, near Newport, Here they passed the winter, some of the crew parting company in disgust, "at not having tasted a drop of wine," and being eventually wrecked on the coast of Ireland. The others went to exploring to the southward, until they arrived at the river and lake which the first body of settlers had discovered; and here they saw the vines, and fields of corn, but were driven away by the Esquimaux, who attacked them with a fleet of skin canoes. On their northward journey they met a Uniped, or One-foot-man, "of glittering appearance," who shot a Greenland captain, and ran away across the sea. Avoiding the region of the One-foot-men they proceeded north. away across the sea. Avoiding the region of the One-foot-men, they proceeded north; but, by a sudden turn of the legend, we find them passing a third winter upon the Island of Eggs, where Snorro Thorfinnson was born, who has been claimed as an ancestor by the sculptor Thorwaldson, Prof. Finn Magnussen, and other distinguished persons. To make the story short, the wanderers sailed home from Vineland the Fair with some Esquimaux children whom they with some Esquimaux children whom they had captured. From these children they learned of the Esquimaux king, Avaidamon Valdidida, and of tribes who lived in holes underground; and the same children are the same authority for the processions of chanting priests in the Great Ireland, in which, as we have said, Humboldt was inclined to believe

clined to believe.

However absurd it may seem to discuss the details of this story, there is not a rock or a bay mentioned in it which has not been identified by learned enthusiasts; and it is a remarkable thing that even the most trivial names of places mentioned in the saga are found to have remained in use unalter-

ed to the present day.

